Sinclair Lewis's Good Intentions by Robert Forsythe

NEW MASSES

NOVEMBER 30, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Is Latin America Going Fascist?

THE FIRST ARTICLE OF A SERIES

BRAZIL

The Nazis' Trojan Horse

By R. A. Martinez

★

Wall Street Strategy and Congress

By Stephen Blake

Put Silk in the Doghouse

How a Fashion Can Be Started to Help China Against Japan

By Leonard Sparks and Mississippi Johnson

An American Candide

Dr. Pangloss Conducts a Tour Through This Isolated World

By Michael Gold

Showdown in Hollywood

A.F. of L. Officialdom Is Revealed with Its Back to the Wall

By Martin Porter

Three Books on Spain
Reviewed by
Josephine Herbst

'When Labor Organizes'
Reviewed by
Leo Huberman

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WELL, it seems we bit off more than we could chew in connection with the forthcoming literary supplement. (Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; the show isn't over.) We bit off more than we could chew in only one respect: we thought we could do justice to ourselves and to the material at hand in sixteen pages, but we've found it impossible. The first issue of the monthly supplement, which will be issued with next week's NEW MASSES (at no extra cost), will be twenty or twenty-four pages. The advertisement on page 31 gives the list of contents.

A glance at this list will convince you that even the larger press run we have planned for next week's issue may be insufficient to supply the demand. We advise you to make sure of your copy now, if you are not already a subscriber, by placing an advance order with your newsdealer or by sending in your subscription. By the same token, you should act quickly in sending in the special coupon attached to the ad on page 31.

In connection with Granville Hicks's article in the supplement, we have sent advance proofs of it to the editors of the *Nation,* inviting a reply. At this writing we cannot say whether such a reply will be forthcoming or whether, if it is, it will be reecived in time for next week's issue. What we do know, however, is that Mr. Hicks's article raises questions which every lover of fair play will want to see answered.

As we go to press, Congressman Jerry J. O'Connell is quoted in news reports as predicting a fascist rising in Mexico within sixty days. This, with the recent coup in Brazil, gives special importance to our four-article series, "Is Latin America Going Fascist?" which starts this week with R. A. Martinez's analysis of the situation in Brazil. Next week Ricardo M. Setaro, director of the newspaper *Nueva España,* will write on "Argentina: Democracy in Extremis," and the two succeeding weeks will see articles on the fascist menace in relation to Cuba and Mexico.

What's What

ON foot; on horseback; by motor, rail, and air, the clans are gathering for the big affair of the season: the NEW MASSES Twenty-Sixth Annual Ball, which will be held at New York's Webster Hall the evening of Friday, December 3. Lots of friends of the magazine who yearly take this opportunity of showing how much the magazine means to them are taking blocks of tickets. Many others, who have been wanting to show their friends a bang-up good time in the great tradition of uninhibited gayety, are booking boxes. How about *you?* You can save half a dollar a ticket by ordering them in advance, as well as a lot of time standing on line at the box office. *Verbum sap.*

Tom Mooney writes from San Quentin Prison that another refusal of justice by the California courts has made it necessary to take his case to the U. S. Supreme Court, which will involve expenses, for printing of briefs, records, etc., totaling $15,000. The defense is flat broke, and needs all the support it can muster to carry this symbolic case through to victory. All funds and communications should be sent in care of the Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee, Box 1475, San Francisco, Cal.

Another worthy cause very much in season is the annual Christmas Drive for Labor's Prisoners, under the auspices of the International Labor Defense. The purpose of the $25,000 drive is to provide the bare necessities of life for political prisoners and their often-destitute families. All contributions should be made directly to drive headquarters at 80 East 11th Street, New York City, or to any branch office of the I.L.D.

President Luis Sandi of the League of Revolutionary Writers and Artists (L.E.A.R.) writes that the League has been informed that the Venezuelan poet, Miguel Otero Silva, has been imprisoned by the authorities of that country. The League fears that protracted imprisonment and torture may be Silva's fate, and is urging all friends of freedom and culture to protest to the President of Venezuela and to the Venezuelan embassy in Washington, demanding Silva's release. Further information can be obtained from the L.E.A.R. at Allende 5, Altos, Mexico, D. F.

The Second Annual Christmas Exhibition and Sale sponsored by the American Artists School will open Sunday, November 28, with a reception in the School Gallery at 131 West 14th Street, New York. Over one hundred well known artists, many of whom are NEW MASSES contributors, have entered work in the exhibition, which will include sculpture and graphics as well as paintings.

An exhibition of woodcuts by Contributor Dan Rico, many of which have been reproduced in our pages, will be on view from November 29 to December 15 at the New School for Social Research in New York.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* strike fund will be the beneficiary of a special midnight performance of *The Cradle Will Rock* at the Mercury Theatre, Forty-first Street, East of Broadway, the night of Saturday, November 27.

The American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign-Born announces that it will hold its second national conference at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York on Sunday, January 9. The conference will devote itself to (1) combating of discrimination because of race, nationality, or non-citizenship; (2) to a[illegible] naturalization law to reduce fees, moderate educational requirements, and abolish discrimination; (3) to prevent the destruction of families by deportation and to safeguard the traditional right of political asylum in America. Credential blanks can be obtained from the committee at 100 Fifth Ave., New York.

We have received this letter:

"Anna Sokolow and the Dance Unit have asked me to express to you our sincere gratitude for all the splendid work you did on our behalf during the past month or so. We are all deeply sensible of the trouble to which you went to insure, insofar as you were able, the complete success of our recent concert. We hope that our performance may have repaid, in some small measure, your unstinting efforts and kindness.—JUNE SOKOLOV, Secretary."

Regrettable space limitations, incidentally, have forced us to postpone till next week Owen Burke's review of Miss Sokolow's concert, as well as our coverage of current Broadway openings.

Who's Who

R. A. MARTINEZ is a specialist in Latin American affairs who has just returned from a trip to Brazil. . . . Leonard Sparks has written and collaborated on a number of pamphlets issued by Workers' Library Publishers, including *How to Get Jobs in New York.* Mississippi Johnson writes on fashions for the *Daily Worker* and *Sunday Worker.* . . . Ben Blake is an economist with international banking experience. . . . Martin Porter is a Hollywoodian who has written for us before on labor conditions in the movie industry. . . . Leo Huberman is the author of *Man's Worldly Goods* and the more recent *The Labor Spy Racket.* . . . Josephine Herbst, who recently returned from Spain, is the author of *Pity Is Not Enough* and *The Executioner Waits,* and other works. . . . Harry Slochower wrote the current *Three Ways of Modern Man,* a study of Undset, Nexo, and Thomas Mann. . . . Samuel Putnam edits the Brazilian section of the *Handbook of Latin American Studies* issued yearly by Harvard University. Elizabeth Noble, who has written for us before, is one of a corps covering fine arts for the NEW MASSES this season.

Flashbacks

"A SPECTER is haunting Europe," began Marx and Engels as a result of an assignment (November 30, 1847) to write a manifesto for communism. Less than a century later (November 25, 1936) Stalin, presenting his draft of the new constitution for the U.S.S.R., said: "Socialism has now been achieved in the Soviet Union, and the foundation for ultimate communism now at last has been built. . . ." The following day (November 26, 1936) Nazi Propaganda Minister Goebbels announced the German-Japanese alliance against the Soviet Union, ostensibly calling for an end to "the Red anarchy and devilish revolutionary activities of the Moscow international. . . ." Other notable anniversaries falling in this week are: the birth (November 28, 1820) of Friedrich Engels and the death (November 30, 1930) of union-organizing Mother Jones, aged one hundred.

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXV, NO. 10

November 30, 1937

Brazil: The Nazis' Trojan Horse *by R. A. Martinez* . . 3
Wall Street Strategy and Congress *by Stephen Blake* . . 6
Editorial Comment 9
Sinclair Lewis's Good Intentions *by Robert Forsythe* . . 12
Put Silk in the Doghouse *by Leonard Sparks and Mississippi Johnson* 13
The Silent *A Poem by Isidor Schneider* 14
Showdown in Hollywood *by Martin Porter* 15
The American Candide *by Michael Gold* 17
Valencia, July 1937 *A Poem by Valentine Ackland* . . . 18
Readers' Forum 19

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Three Books from Spain's Trenches *by Josephine Herbst* . 20
Handbook of Unionism *by Leo Huberman* 20
Secular Crucifixion *by Harry Slochower* 22
Beals "Reports" South America *by Samuel Putnam* . . 24
Brief Reviews 25
Recently Recommended Books 26

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Screen *by Robert Stebbins and Peter Ellis* 27
The Fine Arts *by Elizabeth Noble* 27
Concert Music *by R. D. Darrell* 29
Forthcoming Broadcasts 30
Recently Recommended Movies and Plays 30

Art work by Snow, Freda Weinsweig, Henry Simon, Theodore Scheel, Ben Yomen, Fred Ellis, Charles Martin, John Heliker, John Mackey, Barney Tobey, Tromka, A. Ajay, Eastwood.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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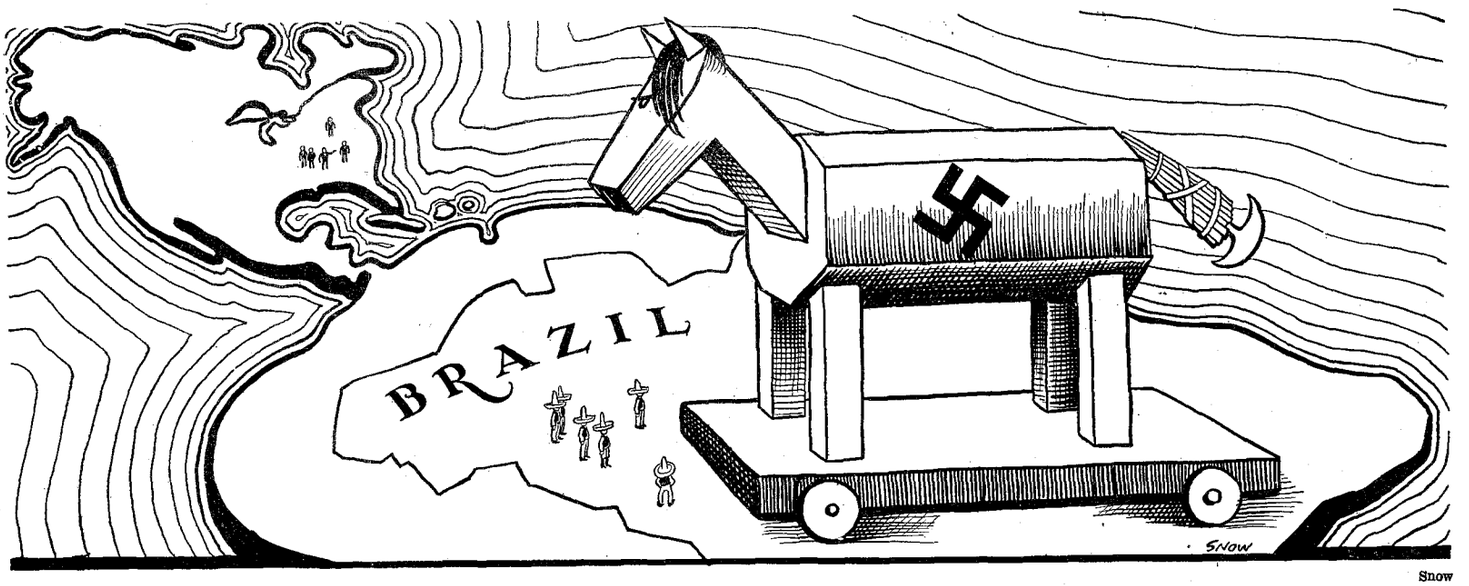
NEW MASSES
NOVEMBER 30, 1937



Snow

IS SOUTH AMERICA GOING FASCIST?—I

Brazil: The Nazis' Trojan Horse

The first of a series of four articles on the outlook for fascism and democracy in the Latin-American countries

By R. A. Martinez

THE seizure of power by a small group of unscrupulous men, strongly entrenched in the army and supported by the reigning economic interests, is assuredly no novelty in Brazilian history. One of a triumvirate of generals, the present dictator, Getulio Vargas, attained power in 1930 in just that fashion. The frequency with which such coups have occurred throughout Latin America seems to have led an influential portion of the American press into a false and dangerous optimism. It is assumed that the Vargas coup differs in no essential from similar episodes in the past. Any such conclusion not only betrays an ignorance of Brazil's recent history but is of distinct disservice to the people of the United States. It would tend to lull them at a time when alarm and vigilance are all-important.

There are coups and coups. The technique may be the same, but the content, the historical meaning, may be very different. The present Vargas regime would be impossible without the fascist offensive in Europe and Asia. It is directly linked in inspiration and economic backing to the fascist international, and its very existence wholly depends on the strength of fascism within Brazil. This alone distinguishes it most sharply from the past.

In November 1935, the Vargas government smashed an anti-imperialist, anti-fascist revolt under the leadership of the National Liberation Alliance, of which Luis Carlos Prestes was and is the organizer and inspiration. This insurrection was centered in Natal, Pernambuco, and Rio de Janeiro. Having crushed the revolt, Vargas immediately assumed full dictatorial power. A reign of terror against all opposition followed, and lasted for some months. It surpassed in cruelty anything of its kind known up to that time in Latin America. Vargas was able to down the revolt and inaugurate a "state of war" because he commanded the support of important sectors of the national-reformist bourgeoisie as well as of the extreme reaction. The former group were badly frightened by the insurrection, and a "Red scare," based on a monstrous campaign of forgery and blackmail, brought them into Vargas's camp.

From this moment on, Vargas proceeded to borrow more and more from the techniques of Hitler and Mussolini. Every democratic voice was suppressed. Every fascist gunman was encouraged. The Integralistas, as the Brazilian fascists style themselves, were given a free hand. The whole state machinery was placed at their disposal. Key positions in the government were handed over to publicly confessed fascists.

Especially was this true of the army. An Integralist, General Goes Monteiro, a former minister of war, was appointed chief of the general staff. Twenty-five percent of the officers, over a thousand in number, could boast Integralist affiliations. The fascists publicly stated that they controlled more than 80 percent of the naval officers.

The government itself assumed an increasingly "totalitarian" complexion. The Chamber of Deputies practically became a rubber stamp for presidential decrees issued under the cover of martial law. Although the constitution gave the various states wide autonomy, Vargas began to displace local officials with military interventors, invariably of a fascist character.

Thus, bit by bit, fascism took form in Brazil. But this would have been impossible without some social and economic basis outside the government. That basis Vargas found in the native fascist movement, in the large German-fascist and Italian-fascist population, and in the growing economic control over the country by German imperialism.

A HUGE fascist propaganda machine, subsidized by the German government, came into existence. Two news agencies, the Brazilian and the Victoria, have come under its control

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through subsidies. Fifteen newspapers are now published in the German language. A number of the most important daily papers in Rio de Janeiro and other cities are German-owned. Four German radio stations broadcast fascist propaganda to Brazil. Every day, for one full hour, the Brazilian government itself presents a fascist broadcast. Every local station in the country is compelled to rebroadcast this program. For the most part, this program features "news" from Berlin, Rome, and Burgos.

Deputy Cafe Filho stated in the Chamber of Deputies that Hitlerist youth organizations, "which pledge their allegiance to Hitler every four years, had been organized in Brazil by direction of German diplomatic functionaries." This statement falls far short of the actual truth. There are today fourteen hundred German schools in Brazil, all run on straight Nazi lines. In the state of Rio Grande do Sul alone, there are sixty groups of Brazilian-born and immigrant Germans, affiliated with the Turnerbund, which has its general headquarters in Berlin. Other states with large German populations are Santa Catharina, Minas Geraes, and Bahia. These Germans are organized into physical culture clubs, cultural groups, and the like, all masks for Nazi penetration. The eight hundred thousand Germans in Brazil constitute the main basis of fascism.

This propaganda machine would in turn have been impossible without Nazi economic penetration. In 1936, Germany displaced the United States as Brazil's chief trader. Twenty-three percent of Brazil's imports are now supplied by Germany. At the beginning of 1937, it appeared that the United States was going to recapture its former leadership. Brazil signed an agreement with the United States whereby the U.S. Treasury undertook to sell up to sixty million dollars in gold to the Brazilian government to stabilize the Brazilian exchange and establish a central bank for Brazil. In return, the United States was to get more favorable trade concessions. But Germany was not displaced. The import figures for the first six months of 1937 show that German exports amounted to $35,874,000 while the exports of the United States amounted to only $32,789,000. Vargas made promises to Washington but handed over commercial orders to Berlin.

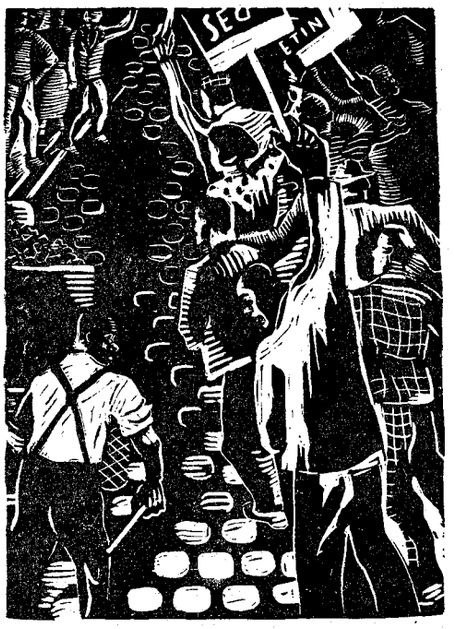
The Nazi struggle for Brazil's trade has been carried on under the slogans of "Free Brazil from Imperialist Domination," and "Exploit Your Natural Resources with the Friendly Help of Germany."

German investments have proceeded along with trade. Copper mines in Parahyba, nickel in Goyaz, oil in Riacho Doce (Alagôas), and 523,000 hectares of oil-bearing land in Matto Grosso have already been secured by German concessionaires. The German Industrial Association has been negotiating with Itabira Iron for control of Brazil's iron-ore reserves, estimated at thirteen billion tons.

Nazi finance in Brazil is handled by the German & South American Bank. This institution, directly under control of a German holding-company which is itself a creature of the government, recently loaned six hundred contos (about a half-million dollars) to the Integralistas. A number of the German commercial houses have been occupied with the smuggling of arms into southern Brazil, the center of the German population. On June 30 last, Maroti del Pichua, himself a reactionary, revealed that twenty-five thousand rifles had been stored in Rio Negro and elsewhere. Among the known German traders active in the smuggling trade are the Stahlunion of Rio de Janeiro, Hasenclever, and Hermann Stoltz. The steamers *Karl Hoepcke* and *Ana* of the German Hoepcke Line have brought over the deadly wares. The munitions have been unloaded in the ports of Sao Francisco and Itajahy.

The Condor Syndicate (full name, "Servicio Aereo Condor"), a subsidiary of the German Lufthansa, possesses a greater airplane system in Brazil than the United States-owned Pan-American Airways. It has thirty-nine landing fields and an operating range of some four thousand five hundred miles. This commercial airline, directly connecting Brazil with Germany, via Lufthansa at Natal and Zeppelin at Recife, is one of the chief sources of arms-supply for the fascist movement in Brazil. The Condor Syndicate covers the entire Brazilian coast. It also penetrates far inland, in the North from Parnahyba to Floriano, and in the South from Santos to Corumba and thence to Cuyabá.

The Nazis have at their command a virtual network of commercial agents whose chief role is political penetration of Brazil. The leading figures in this intrigue are Roberto Machner of Porto Alegre, senior partner of the firm of Wiedman, Machner, & Co.; Herr Schinze of Santa Catharina, director of the Deutsch Morzen; and Walter Honning of Rio Grande do Sul. These constitute a veritable general staff for Nazi activities. They inspire anti-Jewish boycotts, designate German consuls, carry out military surveys, and pull the strings behind the Integralistas.



Woodcut by Freda Weinsweig

MEANWHILE, Brazilian politics was not static. It responded to two types of pressure, fascist and democratic. The citadel of the Brazilian proletariat is the state of Sao Paulo. Here it was that the reign of terror after the November revolt did least damage and faced most effective opposition. The students of Sao Paulo claim the honor of having first taken the field against the fierce repression. The student movement soon set up a Democratic Student Union. This organization became the center of a powerful democratic revival in the dark days of 1936. It was easier for the students to fight openly than for some of the other opposition groups.

The national election, scheduled for January 1938, began to loom larger as 1937 wore on. On the occasion of its first anniversary, the Student Union issued a manifesto urging the people to choose the side of progress in the coming electoral struggle, to choose "between slavery and freedom, between despotism and law, between fascism and democracy."

The first state to put forth a candidate for the presidency was Sao Paulo, Brazil's richest state both in agriculture and industry, the most powerful economic unit in the country's economy, and the center of British imperialist penetration. Its candidate was Armando Salles de Oliveira, president of the Constitutionalist Party of Sao Paulo and a leader of the Democratic Union, governor of Sao Paulo from 1932 until 1936, and the single most powerful political figure in the region. He immediately gained the support of the anti-Vargas forces, foremost amongst them General Francisco Flores da Cunha, governor of the state of Rio Grande do Sul, and one of the triumvirate which had put Vargas in power back in 1930. Both these men had reactionary records, but the necessities of the struggle forced them to battle Vargas and defend the constitution. By this means they rallied some of the popular anti-fascist sentiment to their side and served further to stimulate the anti-Vargas cause.

During June and July of this year, another candidate entered the lists. Benedicto Valladares, governor of the state of Minas Geraes, a moderate liberal with a large following among the middle and poor farmers, once a stout supporter of Vargas, joined forces with Juracy Magalhaes, another of the bloc that had helped Vargas in 1930. These two important figures presented José Americo de Alemeida as their candidate.

Vargas found it necessary to compromise. A number of important progressive leaders were released from prison. Better treatment was given to Luis Carlos Prestes and other political prisoners. At the same time, he pursued a policy of provocation against his most powerful enemies (the Rio Grande do Sul and Sao Paulo bloc) in an effort to force them into an armed uprising, thus giving him a

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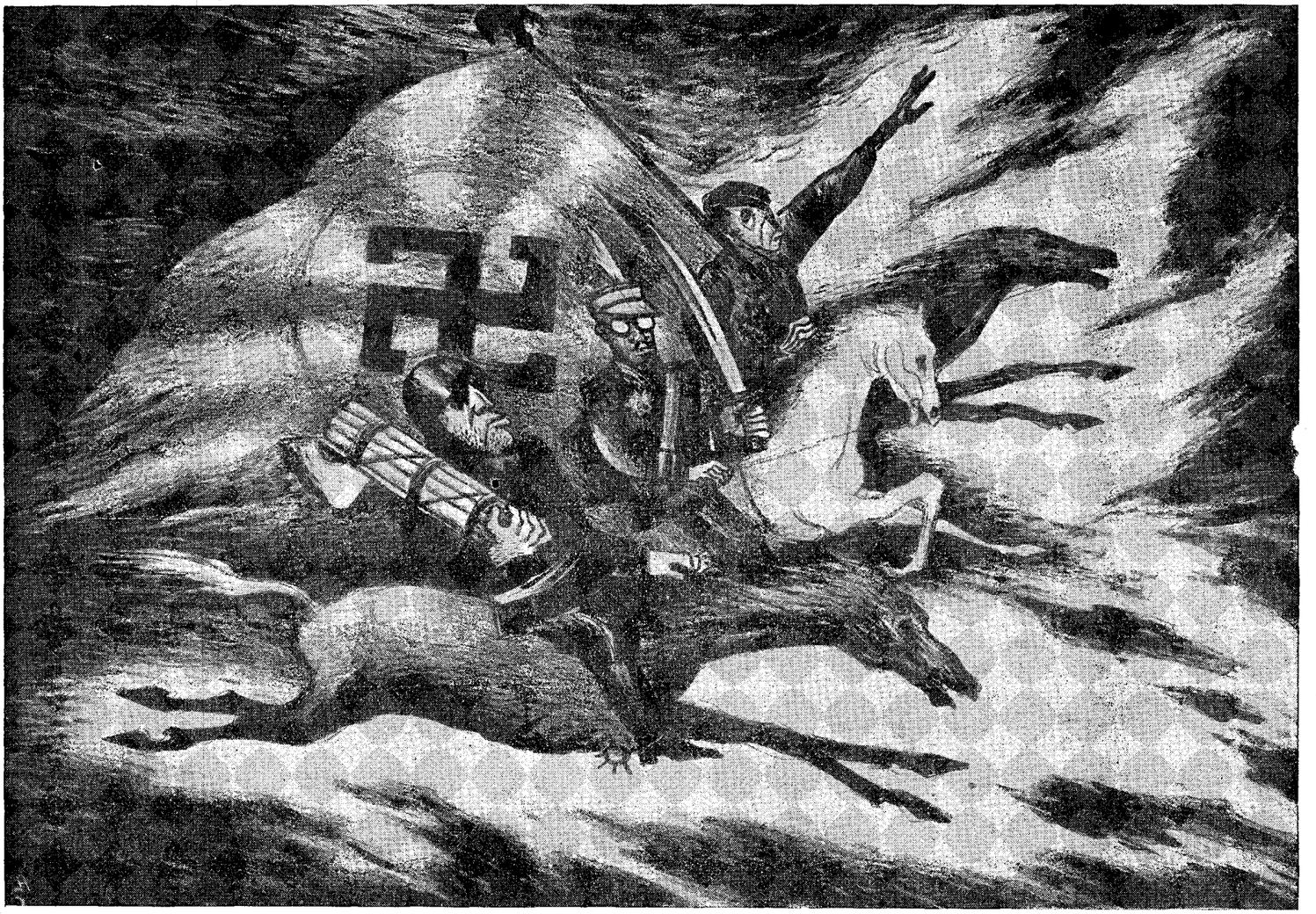

Lithograph by Henry Simon

pretext for complete military dictatorship. His maneuvers were too crude, however, and got him nowhere.

The mass movement grew apace. When Pedro Ernesto Batista, jailed despite the fact that he was mayor of Rio de Janeiro, was released, three hundred thousand people demonstrated their joy in the streets. Popular sentiment was sweeping toward José Americo while Vargas, himself ineligible to contest the presidency, had as yet not found a suitable puppet as his candidate.

Vargas had to strike, strike fast, or surrender power to the popular democratic revival. It became a moment of extreme crisis for his German and Italian mentors. Vargas struck. His coup was made in response to this situation and therein lies its explanation.

ANOTHER CIVIL WAR is brewing in Brazil. Vargas's coup is entirely similar to Franco's uprising in Spain. In both cases, the groundwork was carefully laid by the fascist agents of Germany and Italy. It is a matter of record that Von Cossel, one of the outstanding fascist leaders in Brazil, in an interview with Hitler boasted that a million Germans could be put in the field against democracy. Italians make up the second largest group of foreigners. Then there is an amazingly large number of Japanese. There were only fifteen thousand Japanese in Brazil in 1926. The figure leaped to one hundred thousand in 1930. In 1935 there were two hundred thousand. Today there must be about two hundred and fifty thousand.

Arms and ammunition have been pouring into Brazil; the fascists alone know for how long and in what large quantities. But it is known that a chain of sea and air stations from Germany to Brazil exists for the transportation of war materials. Not a single port of any importance is omitted from the itinerary of the Condor (Lufthansa) Syndicate which operates the airline.

What is happening in Brazil has happened in a somewhat lesser degree in every other Latin-American country. That the majority of these countries have sided with the international fascist bloc in recent years is no accident. It is the result of persistent and well-planned efforts by the German, Italian, and Japanese governments. The reactionary forces of Latin America have without exception received political and financial support from the fascist international.

THE VARGAS DICTATORSHIP rests on a very limited social basis. Not only are the masses of people against is *but, as already indicated, the former collaborators of Vargas, themselves no angels, were forced into opposition.* This fact raises the concrete possibility of another and greater anti-Vargas revolt. It would be folly to set the date for any such struggle, but the widest foundation for it definitely exists.

And what of the United States? Its responsibility is immense. The new Brazilian "constitution" introduces the death penalty for political "crimes." This measure is directly aimed at Luis Carlos Prestes and his companions. Both for its own sake and that of the peoples of Latin America, isolation would be fatal. Should it be permitted to go unchallenged, Nazi penetration and control of Brazil may very possibly spread like a contagion throughout the rest of the South American continent.

Democracy in Latin America fights heroically, but it requires the active assistance of the government and the people of the United States. The "good neighbor" policy must be a democratic policy, and that means the establishment of a real democratic alliance of the western hemisphere to clean out the ugly menace and the uglier reality of fascism. Fascism in the western hemisphere knocks at the gates of the United States. Only the wicked and the blind will ignore it.

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Wall Street Strategy and Congress

Finance capital's attempt to blackjack the special session represents a new stage in a concerted drive against labor

By Stephen Blake

NO MATTER where you turn in American politics today, all routes lead back to the presidential election of 1936. Wall Street and its environs, the latter not at all limited to New York, took fright pretty much in the same way the landed southern gentry were scared back in 1860. The chief cause for alarm in last year's election was the apparent breaking-up of the old two-party Tweedledum-and-Tweedledee system. In this respect, the financial oligarchy appraised the elections more correctly than a lot of other people. They realized that the Democratic Party which elected Roosevelt was bound to break in two, assuming that the forces of the last two years continued unimpeded. The problem before them was to turn the clock back. And they started to do their best, or dirtiest, depending on whether your interest is technical or political, just as soon as the returns came in.

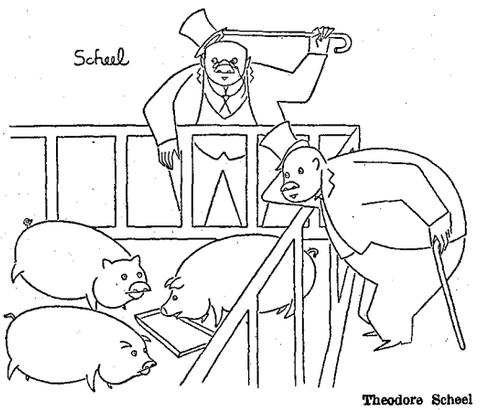
For ballyhoo, which had not worked so well, they now determined to substitute their old weapons of mass starvation and the little businessman's spasms of fear. That brought the financial tycoons back to scratch. But it also meant that now the heaviest armament would be brought into play: the economic blackjack against Congress and the President.

Here is how the economic situation shaped up at the moment.

Up to March, the economic index continued to be favorable, altogether too favorable. Commodity prices were rising as rapidly as they do in wartime. The primary markets of London and New York were as hectic as could be desired. Copper, for example, rose 50 percent, and most other commodities did likewise in more or less the same proportions. The New York stock market touched and then surpassed its old high in many listings. The last thing to be expected was the cry of "wolf" from high finance.

But the background was somber. The gilt-edged stocks in the London market, citadel of the international money market, reached their all-time high on November 18, 1936, the very day that Mussolini and Hitler officially recognized Franco. Within three weeks, the present Duke of Windsor was hustled out of Buckingham by the old guard of the British magnates. On that very day, Willie Gallacher, the Communist M.P., thundered a warning in the House of Commons that the abdication crisis was no mere personal stunt, but a reflection of a looming crisis in values that would bring British recovery to its end, except for armaments and the consequent inflation.

The American market took heed of the British spin a few weeks later. A decline of more than 15 percent in Consols was followed by a decline of 5 percent in American long-term government bonds. Stocks went down while commodity prices continued up. That is what began to alarm Roosevelt. He warned against speculative values in commodities. By April, all values in London were in full retreat. In America, a nervous decline began to set in.



Theodore Scheel

But nothing in all this paralleled the creeping paralysis of the franc, or the near-panic in South Africa. It was conjectured by the overbought gamblers that Roosevelt would lower the price of gold from thirty-five dollars a fine ounce to, say, thirty dollars. Any such action would have spelled ruin for the South African and Australian markets. In Johannesburg, the market buckled under, tumbling all of 50 percent in one month. And yet, note this: the market in South Africa was all that our rich boys here consider desirable. It was wide open, low margins, big turnover (arbitrage with London and Paris alone gives them a market far wider than any American shares). Notwithstanding this desirability, it dropped like a plummet, 50 percent in a single month!

The gold panic finally subsided but markets continued jittery. World trade-levels continued high, as did production. But, apart from armaments, both direct and indirect, basic capital investment slowed down everywhere. This marked the shadow of an oncoming cyclical regression in world capitalism, though it might not necessarily mature for two or three years in the United States *where no capital recovery has as yet taken place.*

Now, watch August.

The American market, with a revival that started in June, reached its peak as August opened. No recession appeared in sight. In that atmosphere, Wall Street could not stampede Congress. Of course there is a limit to conspiracy. Conspiracy of this kind cannot succeed unless the background permits its success. On the other hand, there is no denying the possibility that big finance will take advantage of an economic recession in order to improve its political position—given the situation in the United States, 1937.

In his *Eighteenth Brumaire,* Marx shows how these machinations often play a large part in the success or failure of a specific class fight. In August the set-up changed in favor of the rich. Congress had been shaken by the Court controversy, Roosevelt was no longer impregnable, values in Europe were on the retreat.

Whether the August speech of Charles R. Gay, the long-time head of the Stock Exchange, was commanded, inspired, willful, or just the echo of the dominant group cannot easily be determined. But it was beautifully adapted to the needs of this class; to create a bad atmosphere.

Gay was a "liberal," that is a man who had appeared to coöperate reasonably well with the supervisory S.E.C. appointed by Roosevelt to regulate the Stock Exchange. He performed on the economic front, the same function that a former liberal like Wheeler did in the political struggle over the Supreme Court. He predicted that, owing to regulations, the market was so thin that any bout of selling would crash it. In other words, any selling would meet no large buyers. That was plain language, disguised in flowing graphs. They were out to destroy values.

He failed to mention that the British stock market had cracked 25 percent, the gold-shares market 50 percent, the British price of Consols, the prime security of the world, had dropped from 93 to 74; all this without Roosevelt regulation. He forgot that this market had risen from 41 to 194, Dow-Jones averages, one of the steepest rises in market annals, despite these dreadful regulations. He forgot to mention that the share market broke 50 percent in 1929; in three weeks, when his ideals were fulfilled—low margins, free short selling, abundant loans to brokers, no government interference.

This hooey shook quotations, but the resistance was amazing. Although the Street was on the tail of the market, the weasel kept on slipping. True, markets were poor, but no worse than in a dozen other recessions. To create a ghost story it was obvious they needed a more celebrated spook than Gay to rattle the bones.

The boy selected for the job, whether by himself, or by the Rockefellers or by God,

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was Winthrop W. Aldrich, head of the Chase National Bank. He, like Gay, was a "liberal." He had been the first banker to cry "mea culpa," beat his breast, and join Roosevelt in the spring of 1933. Head of a bank whose vicious practices were a commonplace, called in as a Galahad by the Rockefellers, it was necessary for him to polish the grail with government aid.

It was a propitious moment. The Scripps-Howard press was now on the taxation bandwagon against the administration. Even the New York *Post* had faltered on the Black matter. The liberals were in their usual state of confused retreat. What more necessary than that the warning words of Wall Street be conveyed, not by the heathen outside the temple, who always called the President of the United States "that s.o.b." (with no other name), but rather that he be advised of impending disaster by the prophet Nathan in the halls of Jerusalem? Aldrich lost his dignity inherited from generations of privileged liverymen of the rich in Rhode Island. He bellowed, belabored, exaggerated, but warned of nothing less than *absolute disaster* if markets were not made easier, if the budget were not balanced. Coming from the head of the largest bank in the United States, an ex-ally of the administration, the small bankers took fright and began selling.

And the crowd in Wall Street, who for years have cried they did not know what to do with their money, never bought.

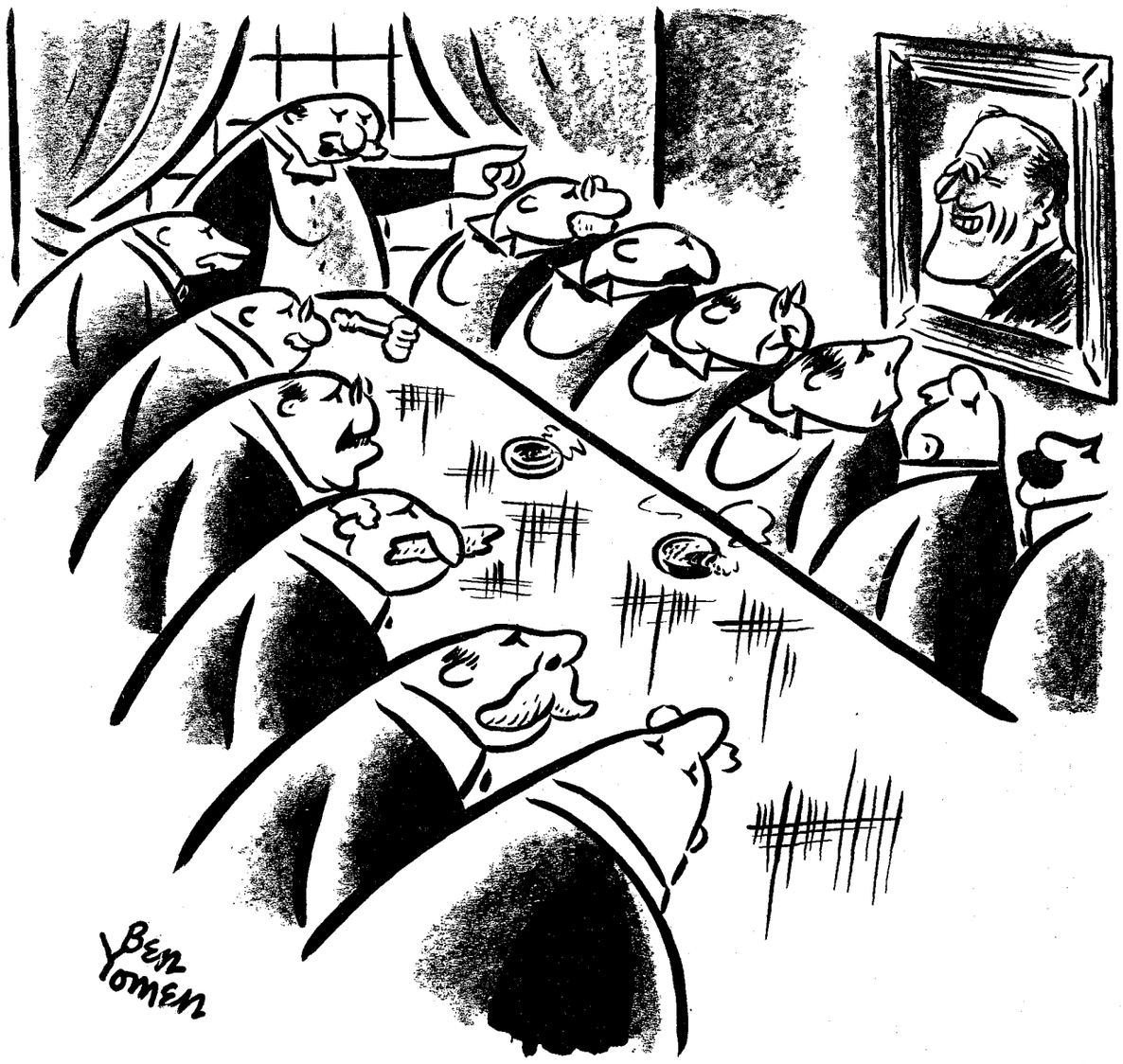
Nothing tempted them. Brooklyn Union Gas might go to a yield of 12 percent; yields of 10 percent became common; shares began to sell at earning ratios reminiscent of 1932; still they were too dear. Not a government bond, yielding 2.8 percent, was sold to obtain a yield fourfold greater. In fact, more government bonds were bought. The excuse was given that they were tax-exempt and that the surtaxes on dividends were "too crushing." Apparently a yield of 100 percent would not be enough on these hysterical calculations.

This solemn nonsense, of course, imposes on nobody who is not a profess[illegible] of political economy. Skeptics might ask w[illegible] the building industry, run by smaller conce[illegible] not subject to crushing surtaxes, fails to em[illegible] millions. And that industry is supposed [illegible] be the foundation of recovery! *"Quand le batiment marche, tout marche."*

As bankers are not always fools, it is clear that here we have one of those situations when Wall Street decides to bludgeon the middle-class into yielding up its stocks to the plutocrat vultures who sit on the sidelines with cash, waiting for the bodies to stink before they gnaw into the petty bourgeoisie with their infected golden beaks. They had already sold these shares to the suckers on the run-up, now they could smash Roosevelt and make a profit on it too.

THE UNANIMITY of Wall Street is astounding. The writer has come across only one house that still favors an old-fashioned crazy inflation, E. A. Pierce & Co. It depends on commissions for its income; it would like to see the little customer have a lot of paper money with which to play the market. The rest of the Street presents an unbroken front. Even the house of Lehman, traditional supporter of the New Deal, is circumspect, at least.

The need to put labor on the streets and to be free of taxes goes together for them. The only objection to their cruel reasoning is their alleged fear of the poor whom they would so destroy. There is some, but not much, truth in the objection. *What the rich fear is not misery but organization.* If misery alone would have caused revolutions, capitalism would be gone by now. If human sentiments would curb the greed of the rich, they would share their wealth like St. Francis of Assisi. Wealth is cruelty. There is no compassion in Wall Street. Finance capital is ready right now to impose a policy of starvation on the people. It reckons on the police, the militia, governors of Florida, Daveys of Ohio, vigilantes. Let them nullify the 1936 election and the working class is in serious danger. But let us hurl back the class nullificationists as choleric Andy Jackson hurled back the state nullificationists, and we shall be on the way to enthroning American labor as Jackson enthroned the American pioneer.



Ben Yomen

"We can't let him go on acting as though he owned our country."

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Fred Ellis

TYRANNOSAURUS POLITICUS

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The Auto Workers Resist

THE occupation of the Fisher Body plant in Pontiac, coupled with the announcement of a strike vote being taken in Lansing, offers clear proof that the members of the United Auto Workers' Union intend to resist militantly the mass layoffs and increased speed-up now widespread in the auto industry. Since the opening of the new production season in auto it has been evident that General Motors and Chrysler were making every effort to weaken the union by open disregard of the existing contracts through a series of provocations and a terrific speeding-up of production. When union militants in the shops protested against this situation, they were discharged. It was the dismissal of four such rank-and-file union leaders that resulted in the strike in Pontiac.

Behind this lies a whole series of events. Using the unorganized state of the Ford motor company as a lever against the U.A.W., General Motors and Chrysler have arrogantly refused to grant improvements in the existing contracts. The most recent development was the rejection by U.A.W. of a proposed new agreement with G.M. which refused every major demand of the union, including wage increases and recognition of the shop-steward system, the latter a burning issue with the workers in the shops because of their lack of any officially recognized representatives to deal with their grievances on the job. Following the rejection of this contract, Homer Martin, U.A.W. president, announced that the sit-down strike disciplinary clause, which gave the corporation the right to fire any workers responsible for an unauthorized sit-down strike, was no longer in effect, the union having agreed to such an arrangement only if a satisfactory contract was forthcoming.

Another factor playing a major role in the current unrest among the workers is the mass layoffs which indicate that the auto barons intend to do their part in the Wall Street plot to sabotage recovery. Faced with a situation where thousands of workers are unemployed, the union members are raising the slogan of "the right to work" and demanding that all employees in the shops be guaranteed a minimum number of hours per week. Within the union itself, certain undeveloped moves toward complete unity are taking place as the combined attack of G.M. and Chrysler makes clear the need for unbroken solidarity if the gains of the union are to be consolidated and improved. Homer Martin has been quoted in the Detroit press as declaring an end to the factional struggle, and Wyndham Mortimer, vice-president and leader of the Unity Caucus, has been appointed to the G.M. negotiations committee.

In view of the General Motors policy of refusing to settle any problems of labor relations on a plant scale, it is likely that such isolated strikes as the one in Pontiac will have little result on remedying the situation. The experiences of last winter's strike in auto illustrates that the auto corporations can be brought to terms only by national pressure, action which needs careful planning and a conserving of the energy that isolated and unauthorized strikes consume. Ford remains the major obstacle in the path of the U.A.W. Once the Ford drive assumes momentum and the organization of River Rouge is completed, it will do much to end the consistent attempts of the auto corporations to weaken the ranks of the history-making C.I.O. union.

Conspiracy in France

THE French Government's much-publicized activity against a gang of fascist terrorists, the *Cagoulards* (Hooded Band), may be nothing less than a turning point in French policy, at home and abroad. Knowledge of fascist preparation for an armed revolt against the Popular Front is no new thing in France. A number of Paris papers, including the Communist *l'Humanité,* the Socialist *Populaire,* and the popular *Ce Soir,* have published exposés of these movements, backed by documentary material which could not be denied. These papers named names, places, and payments in their articles. No court suits ever were instituted by the accused, some of whom were well-known fascist propagandists and strong-arm men.

The decision of the government to give so much publicity to its anti-fascist raids and arrests may mark the beginning of a new conception of France's problems and duties. The fascist strategy of encircling France can no longer be denied. It is taken for granted in France that Italy is now in absolute control of Franco's army, except for sections of the air force, artillery, and secret police still in the hands of the Germans. Hitler's aggression against France's ally, Czechoslovakia, appears now to be only a matter of favorable international circumstances. Apart from these external factors, inside France itself, internal intrigues within the fascist movement gave the government a favorable opportunity. Trials in open court recently aired a multitude of scandals involving de la Rocque, Laval, and Tardieu. The attendant political stench shocked the country and confirmed what the left parties had claimed for months.

The record, to date, of the Chautemps-Bonnet government has by no means been a glorious one. This new firmness against the plotters of civil war in France is a welcome change. If it leads to equal firmness against the real instigators of the plot in Rome and Berlin, then it may stand out as a landmark in the struggle between democracy and fascism in Europe.

Grand-Manner Chiseling

BECAUSE his "attention has been directed to reports of a marked increase in the cost of living during the present year," Mr. Roosevelt has requested the Federal Trade Commission to look into the situation, with special reference to "monopolistic practices and other unwholesome methods of competition." The commission has agreed to investigate and report on its findings, perhaps early next year. Its job will not be made easier by the existence of the same powerful lobbies that persuaded Congress during its last session to pass the Miller-Tydings Act.

This law, which permits agreements allowing manufacturers to fix the retail price of their products, is an open invitation to monopolistic mark-ups. And even without this device, it has long been apparent that the price structure in general is out of line with wage payments and white-collar salaries. Many conservative economists have begged business over and over again to adopt price policies which would translate technological improvements into lower costs for consumers. This year's "dividend shower," now estimated as likely to approximate the $4,983,000,000 record for 1930, shows just how well business men and manufacturers have succeeded in "passing on" the benefits of new machinery and increased operating efficiency.

An ever increasing number of commodities go on the market at "administered prices"—in other words, producers fix a price, sell what they can at that figure, and then shut down rather than accept reduced prices. More and more this practice (actually monopolistic sabotage) is restricting the possible flow of goods and shunting our magnificent technological development up a blind alley. If the Federal Trade

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Commission attacks this problem realistically, its report can be immensely valuable. A routine investigation into the "high cost of living" carried on in the nostalgic atmosphere of "back to normalcy" will uncover nothing but a few isolated instances of petty profiteering, and the vast aggregations of capital that chiseling in the grand manner will get a clean bill of health.

Is the "N. R." Neutral?

THERE are overtones to the doctrine of isolation no less dangerous than the doctrine itself. Isolationists tend to bolster their case against collective security by arguing that, after all, there is good and evil on both sides, as in the present Sino-Japanese war. This constitutes a type of rationalization designed to stifle the isolationists' better instincts. It is not easy for a self-respecting person who calls himself a "progressive" to witness an attack against an innocent and all but defenseless nation without lifting a finger in its defense. Not only that, but actually to hinder the victim's resistance and actively aid the fascist aggression through unneutral "neutrality" acts!

The isolationist *New Republic,* was recently guilty of just such a procedure. In its issue of November 17, the *New Republic* published an article by Willard Price on "Japan's 'Divine Mission'." The title was not intended to be satirical. The argument of the article is that "those who see Japan only as a greedy and aggressive nation bent upon conquest for her own material advantage miss the real character of Japan. Her crusade is essentially religious and spiritual." We are informed that the real basis for the aggression was Japan's mythology which leads the nation to believe it has been "celestially appointed to save the world." Mr. Price thinks that there is "something fine about any passionate religionist," though he is willing to concede that there is "something dangerous too." But he concludes that after her material needs are met, "Japan may, in truth, prove a great force some day in world unification."

The political implications in this article are positively indecent in the pages of a progressive journal of opinion. The history is no better. The mythology upon which Japan's state structure rests is of comparatively recent origin. Until the middle of the last century, the mikado was a captive of the all-powerful, feudal shoguns. When it became necessary to overthrow the shogunate, some rival clans resurrected an all-but-forgotten mythology, Shinto, in order to seize power. The mikado or emperor was utilized as a convenient national symbol. Japan's mythology is thus no static thing. It has been suppressed and resurrected as political needs dictated.

But history aside, some explanation is due when articles such as Willard Price's find their way into the *New Republic.* We prefer to read about the "yellow man's burden" in the official publications of the Japanese foreign office.

Brazil's Constitution

BRAZIL'S new constitution is just what you would expect from a dictator whose main support comes from Berlin and Rome. No longer will there be need of extraordinary decrees instituting "martial law" in the land. The new constitution, in effect, places the country in a permanent state of war, meaning government by terror. President Vargas is practically all powerful. He may rule by decree with authorization of Parliament. But he may dissolve the lower, or more popular house of Parliament, whenever a conflict occurs. That is like giving a man the "right" to vote—providing he votes as you dictate. Vargas is to rule without an election for six years, after which he may nominate a candidate to succeed him—not excluding himself.

For the rest, it is less important to examine the concrete details than to understand the circumstances under which the constitution will operate. A duly legal election, scheduled for January 1938, has just been annulled. The leading candidates, as described elsewhere in this issue, were by no means Communists or radicals. Indeed they had helped Vargas suppress the popular revolt of 1935. But events of the past two years forced them, as representatives of the national-reformist bourgeoisie, to break with Vargas. As his own support dwindled, it became necessary for Vargas to compensate by finding support elsewhere—even if it meant sacrificing the national interests of Brazil to the international interests of Hitler and Mussolini.

Snow

Vargas—Doom threatened him

This new constitution is a fascist fraud, saddled on the people of Brazil in order to circumvent an election which meant Vargas's doom. It will have to attempt to operate under conditions of the broadest opposition to the regime. Therein lies the promise of a better future. For the very circumstances which made the coup necessary for Vargas make it necessary for the people to rid themselves of him.

The Pittsburgh Congress

MORE than three thousand delegates are expected to attend the People's Congress for Peace and Democracy at Pittsburgh, November 26-28. Events abroad and at home lend special significance to this gathering and its objectives. Fascism, invading Spain, China, Ethiopia, and Brazil, threatens the whole fabric of civilization, while here in America a new economic crisis has rallied the forces of reaction in a desperate assault on democratic government. The People's Congress will discuss an American peace policy, the protection of democratic rights; will

FACTS ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION—III

CLASS COMPOSITION OF THE POPULATION OF THE U.S.S.R.

	1913	1937
Industrial and white-collar workers	16.7%	34.7%
Including employees of state farms and machine-tractor stations	0	3.2
Collective-farm peasantry and handicraftsmen belonging to coöperatives	0	55.5
Individual peasants (without kulaks), handicraftsmen, etc., not belonging to coöperatives	65.1	5.6
Bourgeoisie (landowners, large and small urban bourgeoisie, tradesmen, and kulaks) kulaks alone, 12.3	15.9	0
Miscellaneous group (students, pensioners, army, etc.)	2.3	4.2
Total	100%	100%

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work to defeat the industrial mobilization act and plans for an enlarged military budget, and press for the exposure of fascist formations. The Congress's program strikes at the roots of war and fascism, and the breadth of its representation, typified by the presence of Albert Einstein, Fernando de los Rios, and the French delegate to the League of Nations, indicates its organizational strength.

Rabbits and Gorillas

ONCE again a federal judge has usurped the jury's function in a labor case. Carroll C. Hincks, presiding over the trial of James H. Rand and Pearl A. Bergoff for alleged violation of the Byrnes Act forbidding the interstate use of strikebreakers to interfere with peaceful picketing, practically told the jury that the millionaire manufacturer and his strikebreaking lieutenant were innocent.

There was no dispute over the central fact that Rand and Bergoff brought fifty-seven men across the Connecticut state line. These men were used by them in a variety of ways to break a strike at Middletown. Witness after witness testified that Bergoff's fake millwrights followed a plan cooked up by Rand to provoke trouble on the picket lines, spread dissension among the workers, and convey the impression that the plant was being moved to another town—all deliberate steps in the "Mohawk Valley formula," Rand's pet scheme to evade the Wagner Act. All this was made clear at hearings before the National Labor Relations Board and again during the trial.

Although there were no disturbances until Bergoff's crew reached Middletown, Judge Hincks told the jury that picketing "by force of numbers, by the use of opprobrious epithets, or by the direct application of violence is no part of the practice of peaceful picketing. . . . Such methods might rather be said to constitute a system of organized intimidation. . . . The Byrnes Act by its very language was designed to protect peaceful picketing—not at all to serve as an additional weapon for organized intimidation." And he instructed the jury that the law does not require an employer who is faced with a strike "to retire to his lair like a rabbit and submit to threatened violence." Evidently this touching picture effaced the memory of Rand riding into town surrounded by Bergoff's fifty-seven gorillas. As a result of the acquittal, Attorney General Cummings is considering an amendment to the Byrnes Act which would specifically define certain "outwardly peaceful" acts as strikebreaking.

A Study in Black and White

A WEEK after the opening of the special session the reactionaries are still on the offensive. Under the savage and united onslaught of the corporations, the special session has thus far revolved chiefly around the question of how much relief the rich are going to get.

Meanwhile the country has been presenting to Congress another picture—of mass layoffs in industry, of a swifter tobogganing of business as purchasing power contracts, of mounting misery. Unemployment has been growing and is continuing to grow—at the beginning of winter. Estimates for New York State alone reach a staggering figure: one-third of all industrial workers laid off during the last two months. Twelve hundred blue-ribbon firms surveyed by the National Industrial Conference Board reveal a 4.3 percent drop in employment for October, besides "a considerable reduction" in hours of work. And these are leading manufacturing concerns; some smaller employers have shut down or laid off most of their workers.

Thus while the economic royalists thunder for balancing the government's budget, they are balancing their own human budgets ruthlessly. In one month a million wage earners have become candidates for the bread lines, they and their dependents. Finance capital is cynically giving the country a lesson on a national scale in what they mean in their union-baiting slogan of "the right to work." The mass layoffs of workers, coupled with the drive for further cuts in relief, will confer on hundreds of thousands of workers the right to starve.

So far the reactionaries have had their way in Congress, as regards blocking any decisive steps toward enactment of the social-legislation program. They have been aided by the listlessness of President Roosevelt's leaders, in both House and Senate, in preparing and pushing the legislative program—a listlessness amounting to little short of sabotage. They have been given even more aid and comfort by the President's failure to indicate that the liberals and progressives, who have fought for the New Deal through thick and thin, have his support.

The situation in regard to the wages-and-hours bill is a crying scandal. Here is a bill which by the simplest rules of arithmetic—in spite of its defects—is desperately needed to help in stabilizing the purchasing power of the lowest-paid workers. It is a bill which the House has indicated it is ready to pass. The bill is locked up in the Rules Committee and thus far it has not even been possible to get a vote on it in the committee, so that the people may know exactly who is for it and who is against it. A petition to discharge the committee has thus far received only 139 signatures of the 218 needed—partly due to the fact that the sessions have been curtailed.

Representative Maverick of Texas gave voice to the feelings of millions when he called the Rules Committee to time in the House: "The Rules Committee says to us: 'We refuse to let the Democrats vote on their own measures.' It's a Supreme Court. It's stronger than any dictator. As a matter of fair play the bill should be brought out in the House." This was one of the few times during the special session when the progressives have spoken out. Representative Voorhis, who spoke the same day, outlined a constructive program for the session, which was also listened to with great attention. Then the waves of filibustering, time-consuming, stalling oratory broke over the House again.

The reactionaries, in and out of Congress, are having their say, relying on the power of a concerted propaganda drive to blind the people to the critical situation that confronts the country. The progressives in Congress, more united than before and more experienced, are biding their time. To a certain extent the very ferocity of the Liberty Leaguers' spokesmen, their callous indifference to the country's distress, their desperate eagerness to get the profits taxes killed and then end the special session, will react against them. The picture is painted in black and white: masses of people facing starvation, and finance capital with a blackjack trying to extort more profits. When the progressive counter-offensive opens in Congress it will be made before a public which is being given every opportunity to become disgusted with the unteachable greed and stupidity of the reactionaries. The great need now is twofold: to enlist all possible articulate support behind the liberals and progressives in Congress, through the expressions of unions and other mass organizations; and to convince President Roosevelt that if his program is to have the slightest chance of success, at this or the next session, he must give active and continuous support to those who support him.

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Sinclair Lewis's Good Intentions

Granting that they are excellent, the writer rises to inquire where the noted author and lecturer has left his spectacles

By Robert Forsythe

FROM various hints in the press I gather that Sinclair Lewis, the well-known author and husband, has been off on a lecture tour. In recent weeks he has been reproaching Brazil right warmly for becoming a fascist state and even suggesting that the time may come when Great Britain and the United States would be compelled to join against such doings. But in its original state Mr. Lewis's tour was a pilgrimage designed to educate the public in a great theme song known as "A Plague on Both Your Houses."

Nothing makes a man feel more righteous than a middle position in which he can lay about him in all directions. It is ideal equipment for a lecturer, for it relieves the speaker of the necessity of reaching a conclusion and gives him the reputation for clarity and fairmindedness which is cherished by all public figures. It also establishes him as an objective thinker who stands clean and pure above the struggle.

Whether the Brazil thing has altered him completely is a question, but Mr. Lewis started out with the theory that America could hide under a rock until the tornado blew over. He put it in another way, *i.e.,* there is no need of choosing between fascism and communism. But since there was no dodging the fact that the fascist bloc was becoming more ruthless by the minute, he was forced back upon the position of the chimpanzee who hears nothing and sees nothing.

As a man of reputation his words bear weight, but what is even more serious is that they represent the opinion of others who are equally concerned in having the United States preserved idyllically in a felt-lined vault. By a curious line of reasoning this belief goes hand in hand with the theory that if it weren't for the presence of communism, there would be no fascism. This form of argument leads to a marvelous train of thought, to wit, if it weren't for the evils of capitalism, there would be no need of revolting against the evils of capitalism. Carried to its logical conclusion, it would have us all back hanging from a tree by our tails. In short, if there had been no revolt anywhere along the line, there would have been no change from our original state. The plaintive desire for stability is common throughout the world, but there is never any general agreement on the exact point at which history should cease functioning. Ralph Adams Cram would have us go back to feudalism; Stark Young and Allen Tate desire nothing more ardently than reversion to the form of polite aristocracy that existed in the South prior to the Civil War; Mr. Lewis evidently has in mind some picture of democracy which seems to him the ideal state. If we distrust these desires and express our fear that they have within them the seeds of fascism, it is because the policies of Hitler and Mussolini and all their smaller satellites have this same eagerness to turn back the clock of history.

Sinclair Lewis

Snow

It is strangely and almost invariably true that those who are loudest in crying "A Plague on Both Your Houses" end up by being anti-communist rather than anti-fascist. While they are quick to lump the two together when they are formulating their policy of neutrality, there is scarcely any doubt of where that policy leads them. Accompanying that neutrality is generally an extreme form of Americanism which consists of shouting hooray for Bunker Hill and hooray for the Constitution at the top of their lungs. This is also excellent in a lecturer because nobody can speak disrespectfully of Bunker Hill, and such cheers reveal in the speaker a warmth of nature which can only be appealing to the ladies of the Junior League who are promoting the occasion. Dorothy Thompson had almost entirely usurped this field until Mr. Lewis leaped to the platform and began to speak of America as if it were something invented by a special deity. Both of them would be hurt if it were suggested that this ultra form of nationalism was in itself the basis for fascism.

But, accepting Mr. Lewis's premise, to what period in our history would he like to revert? Obviously we can't go back to Jefferson and Jackson. Would he prefer that lovely era around 1913, just prior to the greatest war in history? It may be that he feels fascism would never have evolved if it hadn't been for communism, but he can hardly blame the World War on the communists. And not even the most reactionary critics have maintained that the international collapse of 1929 was their doing. These things came about under capitalism, the same capitalism which is strangling the democracy Lewis loves so dearly. Or does he think that democracy is only an abstraction, something that can be turned on and off like a light? A great many liberals regard it in exactly that way, a sort of wish-kingdom where if people will only breathe properly and hold the right moral views, happiness will be achieved and political problems will become as simple as kindergarten lessons. It is part of the general principle that any man can get a job who wants to, that depressions are purely a matter of psychology, and that all we need do in this troubled world is mind our own business.

I know that Sinclair Lewis is a man of good intentions. He is muddled as many liberals are muddled; his only fault is that he happens to be an important liberal. At a time when the fascist bloc is threatening to overwhelm the world, he is writing an anti-communist play. If you knew Mr. Lewis personally, you would realize that this is less vicious than pathetic. It is much as if Noah had written a treatise on irrigation just prior to entering the Ark. But it is the sort of thing liberals are always doing. Recently the papers were reporting that Lewis was unable to come out on the platform for one of his lecture dates because he had mislaid his glasses. At the time this struck me as symbolic. Lewis had most positively lost his capacity for looking. The only saving grace is that since then he seems to have kept his specs long enough about him to learn about Brazil. Apparently this is the first time he had known of the march of fascism in South America. At a time when he might have been reading about Prestes, he was probably writing his anti-communist play and furbishing up his speech about "A Plague on Both Your Houses." What pabulum do these great men feast upon that they become so puny?

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Put Silk in the Doghouse

A review of fashions and their origins proves that it is possible to start a big swing for China and against Japan

By Leonard Sparks and Mississippi Johnson

YOUR friends and acquaintances who may be a little this-way-and-that about the anti-Japanese boycott, either because they don't feel its urgency or because they question its effectiveness, may need a figure of speech to make both things clear. One that can stiffen their backbones was coined by the newspaper columnist, Ernest L. Meyer, who said that when we wear silk we are wrapping ourselves in the blood and bones of bombed Chinese babies. This is probably the truest and most important figure of speech devised this year.

The whole Japanese military machine would soon collapse if the American silk market were cut off. The Japanese imperialists might, of course, get foreign financial aid, but the likelihood is small because their present shaky position makes them such a poor financial risk. They have huge stocks of ammunition and scrap iron on hand, but it goes fast in such a large-scale war as they are now waging, and the sale of silk is their most important means of financing purchases of what they need—mainly raw cotton, oil, automobiles, chemicals, and certain metals. We furnish these things to Japan, and what we buy there makes it possible. *At least 60 percent of our Japanese purchasing is silk.* Our imports of this *one commodity* are one fifth to one seventh of Japan's *total exports*—nearly reaching the $100,000,000 mark. This is almost half as much as Japan's total gold reserve, and much greater than her favorable trade balance for the entire world in the exceptionally favorable year 1935. What with these facts and Japan's current budget deficit of some $2,000,000,000 a year, even the reckless house of Morgan would probably hesitate to underwrite new Japanese bonds if American men and women really stopped buying silk.

HOW TO DO IT? The A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. have already pledged a general boycott, hence any practical scheme can get strong backing. The question is to find a program which will get popular support. Inconspicuous substitutes alone won't do it. Something dramatic will—the creation, perhaps, of acceptable fashions, non-silk in their public guise; anti-silk and anti-Japanese-imperialism in their effect. Rayon has already done much good work, with raw silk imports shrinking a fifth or more since 1931 and the price per pound dropping from $4.93 in 1929 to $1.30 in 1934.

But the women of means, working women, housewives, students, and professional people can themselves start boycott fashions which will not only keep the figurative blood and bones of Chinese babies from around their legs, but which will also give them pleasure and artistic satisfaction. Such popular creation of fashions is nothing new. Indeed, only the boycott purpose would be new. Of seventy-two important twentieth-century women's fashions studied by Gross in 1930-31, twenty-two gained popularity among the masses before they were accepted by "society." This was particularly common among those big style swings like bobbed hair and short skirts, which met with stiff "moral" and social resistance but which, since they won out, must have given the greatest satisfaction. At any rate, women were willing to go to jail for them, be kept out of theaters, churches, and schools, even to risk losing their jobs. The German Catholics and the Socialists of those times fought a pitched battle over one-piece bathing suits and nude bathing. There were riots at Santa Monica and Long Beach and elsewhere—like the recent furor over shorts in Yonkers. A man was even reported to have committed suicide when he learned that his wife had bobbed her hair.

The history of the modern short skirt is almost the history of a generation. At every stage popular enthusiasm pushed it along, against all sorts of "Paris" edicts, church opposition, long-gown promotions by those eager to sell more cloth . . . everything that could be arrayed against leg exposure. Two years before the final modification, the stores ordered nothing but long skirts. Women met the situation by purchasing their outfits in the misses' department, gayly leaving quite a few bankruptcies behind them.

Charles Martin

To a certain extent, as in connection with bicycling, roller-skating, tennis, and possibly the "Charleston," the popular insistence on the shorter skirt seems just a by-product of the great modern appetite for athletics. With the "Rainy Daisies," however, that much-caricatured dress-reform movement of thirty-five years ago, the short skirt was a question of the health and comfort of the working girl, and derived its chief impetus from the pneumonia deaths of women whose long skirts easily became rain-soaked. During the World War many working girls even wore trousers or overalls. Such a powerful social force as this popular readiness to originate and fight for their own fashions can be most useful in fighting the use of silk.

SOME PEOPLE will be skeptical. They will say we can't start such a main trend soon enough. Short skirts, bobbed hair, one-piece bathing suits, and the like fought their way up over periods of years. The advertising trade journal, *Tide,* however, has told the story of a boycott so rapid and so creative as to give hope.

In the early spring of 1920, some citizens of Tampa grew so fed up with the inflated clothing prices of those days that they started wearing overalls to business and church. A week later Birmingham had an overall club and a parade four thousand strong. The idea was almost instantly acted upon from coast to coast, and even in Congress. To it the America of the twenties owed a number of work and sports-clothes standards of dress, including cassocks for college boys and girls, the revival of the inexpensive corduroy, and flapping galoshes. The youngsters of the masses drastically changed their waistlines and hat positions overnight, without benefit of edicts, to finish up the great drive toward further naturalness.

Among the possibilities for new fashions as powerful as these and the sports-clothes vogue, it should be remembered that the rayon companies have generally more distinguished patterns in figured materials than are available in silk. A vogue for such material might help enormously. Then, though this won't exactly help the American weavers, and won't

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be too popular in winter, there's that bright idea of the New York student who, when in- on her anti-Japanese styles, an- l the question about silk underwear 16 "What underwear?"

Men should not forget to check up on their coat linings and neckties. This is still a large field for silk and silk-satin. Some rayons wear very well as linings, some superlatively acceptable woolen neckties are on the market, along with others of wool and silk. Finally—a man surely has no need for silk hose—and you wouldn't speak to a man who wore silk underwear.

Anti-fascist actresses and actors have a special responsibility to the anti-silk style movement. Scarcely can one of their dramatic costume properties be remembered, which has not become a considerable vogue at one time or another. The list ranges from net stockings introduced by *Getting Gertie's Garter,* through the 1928 stand-up neck, to various bobs, shaped lips, penciled eyebrows, and so on, almost to infinity. Despite the claims of Greenwich Village, London's Chelsea, and Irene Castle, actresses like Nazimova were the prime transmitters of the practice of hair-bobbing at the actual beginning of the international rage in 1919-20. These professionals understand the dramatic and ideological significance of a new dress line or a cosmetic far better than most. That is one of the reasons for their success.

Most new fashions have some dialectical connection, either of opposition or furtherance, with the one which went just before. Remember the hem scallops, sometimes suggesting grass skirts, which served as introducers to the longer lines of the early thirties, the dropped back skirts of this year's early evening collections; the shorter evening skirt of last summer (as a change from the long-lived ankle-length skirt vogue). Consider the contradiction introduced into the tube skirt by the 1926-29 natural waistline of the Broadway flappers. Not even the war-time fad of Chinese jewelry arose entirely from the void; it was partly a substitute. And we have mentioned how many of the great fashion changes like low shoes and bobs required decades of accultration or preparation.

For these reasons, a fossil in disuse or an uncompleted craze often can be made into a country-wide craze in a few weeks. An example not mentioned before is the roll stocking now taking the form of women's half-hose. A great fashion (coming down from the "classes"), which the hosiery people pretty well licked with promotion, was bare legs with ankle socks. It would require care to revive this, however, for many of the ankle socks are Japanese. Half-hose, of course, overcomes one of the principal drawbacks of lisle—breaking out at the knee. A new development in this connection, moreover, the cut-out knee which has appeared in silk hose, can pave the way further for the use of lisle and rayon stockings.

What makes the stage and screen styles often seem thrilling and arbitrary is that they assume that there is usually no one nation-wide fashion, only unstable vogues with tendencies, and step dramatically in to crystallize a trend. Sometimes, say, looking at all the imitation Garbos of the late twenties, we may think differently. But a careful statistical investigation of vogues shows another answer. We can popularize many anti-Japanese or pro-Chinese fashions if we've a mind to.

Besides watching their own neckties and pulling those of the "slackers," men have quite a job to do in a boycott of this kind. We wouldn't, any more than the *Daily Worker's* Harrison George did, suggest that they check up on their darlings' undies, but we can suggest that they show forthright male appreciation for feminine anti-Japanese styles.

A positive position on the question of sympathy will help to strengthen a boycott. Not just the slogan "Against Japan," but *for China* suggests many charming fashions that could be revived. Chinese-cut pajamas in rayon, wool, or cotton might substitute for the so-popular house coat. Chinese clogs, sturdy and youthful-looking, make the foot seem small, and are a comfortable house slipper. Spring . . . might see a revival of the wide, flat, coolie hat, and, for sports, of the shorter coolie-like trouser and loose shirt worn outside. Domestic cottons in brilliant Chinese patterns will be seen this spring and should be popularized. Serve Chinese tea (make *sure* it's not Japanese!) in your home . . . a fragrant and pleasant brew. And buy it in Chinese stores wherever possible.

One of the most popular underslips bought by working girls is a pure-silk that wears like iron. But the same manufacturer [Barbizon] puts out a Bemberg satin slip called "Ritemore" that is not silk, but wears as well, and costs about a dollar less. Pure silk dresses are more expensive than rayon crepes, or many good woolens, and a boycott of the silk actually represents a saving. Soft angora sweaters are a chic and flattering substitute for silk blouses with winter suits, and feathers and pompons are as smart as any ribbon on a new bonnet.

A REALLY DRAMATIC boycott of silk should start with stockings, which represent at least 40 percent of the silk used in America (some authorities place the proportion as high as 69 percent). It has always been conceded that American girls have the most beautiful legs in the world . . . the most noticeable . . . and the most often silk-clad. Let the men wear the boycott buttons, women will wear lisle or rayon hose . . . the best way of publicizing their anti-Japanese sentiments. And though the silk stocking may not represent the greatest amount of silk revenue to Japan, it does represent the hardest convention to break down. If an American girl will give up her silk stockings, she will wear wool and rayon frocks without a murmur, and she won't touch real silk underwear with a ten-foot pole. Nothing short of starvation has kept her from silk stockings up to now . . . and if stockings go, so goes the industry.

Talk to any girl who works for the money that buys her silk stockings and she'll have a gripe for you. They cost too much, they run too quickly. She spends more money on silk stockings than she would ever care to tell you, and if you could offer her a really attractive substitute she'd take it in a minute.

Lisle seems to be the most reasonable substitute to suggest (certainly more noticeable than rayon hose, although the rayon people now say they have conquered the main obstacle—elasticity—which has a vital relation to the supreme question of good fit). And there is such a thing as full-fashioned lisle net hose . . . expensive but exquisite. Women usually have the courage of their convictions, and when it comes to clothes they don't mind telling the world about it. Convince them that this is a valuable boycott, and they won't begrudge the cost of sheer lisle hose. As one girl put it neatly, "Let Japan stand on her own legs, but keep off mine."

The Silent

He is of the silent, stands an assembled
silence;
see in his face the fold of speechless years,
unuttering eye between shy brows,
mouth that has made sound (but not yet
spoken)
in tumult that has been its silence aloud.
He is of the silent and comes of silent ancestors.

Soon after speech, was taught him silence,
to be delicate to their fragile ears,
to be in awe, to stare and be silent;
to have a ceremonial, a still, a scenic smile,
so that the great ones, the speaking, would
observe,
would parable: "to speak is to, alas, sigh
subtly;
merry are the mute, blessed are the burdened."

How many thousands were the years
he kept silence, has given silence
to his sons and his sons' sons, silent.

He was of the silent but today his eyes echo,
his face gasps; he speaks. His small,
unused voice speaks. Unheard the word
but touched to it, eons of silence
suddenly are consumed, roar up, and
the billions silent of the thousand generations speak!

Little is his tongue, like the little flame,
licking,
that has a whole forest, dry, before it.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

★ ★ ★

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Showdown in Hollywood

Two searchlights are simultaneously thrown on A. F. of L. officials by both the rank and file and a state committee

By Martin Porter

"WHY can't we have something simple here — like steel?" the prop-maker grumbled. He was talking about the trade-union situation here in Hollywood. I had to agree with him. Compared with the maze of unions and guilds, Babel must have been an easy matter.

You don't believe it?

After the 1933 strike there were a few score in the film industry who held I.A.T.S.E. (International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees) cards. Several other unions were recognized, notably the carpenters, electricians, and painters. Suddenly, in 1935, George F. Browne appeared on the scene. Rumor linked him with Capone and other Chicago hoodlums. His stooge was, and is, William Bioff, said to have been involved in dry-cleaning and kosher-meat grafts. Before you could say "Louis B. Mayer," an agreement had been reached with the film moguls, and the lads went to work.

Pat Casey, labor coördinator for the producers, posted notices in the studios informing all workers that they must be union men. The closed-shop agreement reached so harmoniously by Casey and Browne sent 4000 men to union headquarters where they were signed up. Today, there are 12,000 I.A.T.S.E. men in Hollywood. These include cameramen, sound technicians, grips, lab workers, make-up artists, laborers, and others.

Last spring there was a strike of the unrecognized A. F. of L. unions. It went down in history as the F.M.P.C. strike—the workers' first move for unity. The I.A.T.S.E., an A. F. of L. union, stooged for the bosses, supplied strikebreakers, imported thugs and gunmen, absorbed jurisdiction of several work classifications, and, in general, played hob. That started the men thinking. They began to see a definite link between Dave Beck, plug-ugly of the Teamsters' Union, and Browne. And they didn't like *that*.

During the actors' crisis, armed I.A.T.S.E. thugs patrolled the aisles during an actors' meeting. Harland Holmden, international vice-president of the I.A.T.S.E., addressed the actors. The next issue of the Screen Actors' Guild magazine placed the credit for the actors' "victory" (they signed a ten-year, no-strike agreement with the producers) squarely in the lap of the I.A.T.S.E. And *that* started the men thinking again.

Suddenly, Czar Browne announced that I.A.T.S.E. members would have to pay a 2 percent assessment on their earnings. It was that bald. There was no reason given for it. No explanation of what the money was to be used for. I.A.T.S.E. men suspected that most of it would find its way into Browne's pockets and some of it would be used against the C.I.O. The men began to ask questions.

They knew that the four locals in Hollywood had not met since Browne muscled in back in '35. They knew that their union cards were destroyed at the least sign of militant action. They knew that goon squads wandered about town in the pay of Czar Browne. They knew that the studios had furnished Bioff's home with studio-made furniture and that studio men worked on studio time in decorating the house. Their wives knew that Browne and Bioff had installed a gambling den at the I.A.T.S.E. headquarters where the men were cheated out of their wages as fast as they received them. Their wives knew that the scabs Browne brought in during the F.M.P.C. strike were still there and that there wasn't enough work to go around—that while hourly wages were higher, incomes averaged considerably under a thousand dollars a year.

Husbands and wives knew all this. They wondered. They questioned. But they remained silent.

Then out of a clear sky, Browne announced that the I.A.T.S.E. claimed jurisdiction over *all* workers in the industry. The actors, writers, and directors met hurriedly and formed the Inter-Talent Council as the spearhead of opposition to the I.A.T.S.E. claims. Nearly two dozen craft guilds came into being and begged an alliance with the Big Three. For a while it looked as though all the professional guilds in the industry would become amalgamated. In the midst of this, Kenneth Thomson, executive secretary of the Screen Actors' Guild, rushed in from the Denver A. F. of L. convention. He stated that he would have no part in a fight against the I.A.T.S.E. He insisted that the Big Three should remain united, but that he would pull the actors out of the Council if the small guilds were permitted to join. A compromise was reached. The small guilds were excluded temporarily. Militant actors began to wonder whether Thomson wasn't more interested in the broad company-union policy of the A. F. of L. than in the problems of the studio workers.

John Heliker

During this period the studios formed company unions of the white-collar workers. As soon as these organizations had been set up, Browne claimed jurisdiction over them, too.

DO YOU GET the picture? Bit by bit, these racketeers have moved closer to their goal: company-industrial-unionism under the control of the A. F. of L.

All this time the Screen Writers' Guild had been fighting the Screen Playwrights, Inc., a company union. The latter is recognized by the producers. The S.W.G. held hearings under the Wagner Act. The producers sent their high-priced lawyers—it cost them twelve thousand dollars a day—to help the Screen Playwrights. The Screen Playwrights and the bosses claim that the N.L.R.B. has no jurisdiction over the industry as it is not engaged in interstate commerce. They have already prepared briefs from the N.L.R.B. ruling which has not been rendered but which they feel will go against them.

Is this picture muddled enough for you? Is there any wonder that thousands of workers are praying for the entrance of the C.I.O. into the industry?

On the heels of the I.A.T.S.E. assessment, two prop-makers decided to take action against the leadership. These men are Chester Cohea and Irwin Hentschel. They are the unsung heroes of the industry. They went to Carey McWilliams, famous Los Angeles labor attorney, with their problem. A suit was started against the I.A.T.S.E. and its officials, demanding a reason for the assessment and asking for an accounting of the funds collected. Both men were promptly blacklisted.

In the California Assembly, a capital-labor committee was appointed to investigate labor disputes. On November 8, the committee swooped down on the I.A.T.S.E. and asked embarrassing questions.

Simultaneously, the I.A.T.S.E. called a

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strike at Columbia Pictures. Five hundred men and women were thrown out of work.

In the committee room, Assemblyman Kenneth Dawson made the following statement: "Information has come to us that all isn't right and all isn't fair with the I.A.T.S.E. and that it borders pretty close on a racket. If the membership has no voice in policy and it has to pay dues, we want to know about it. We want to get at its form of government—what voice the membership has in the conduct of its own affairs."

The committee promptly impounded the books and records of the I.A.T.S.E.

Under questioning Bioff admitted, "These units (I.A.T.S.E.) do not hold any meetings. They do not have local officers. The local units are being run by Holmden, Criegan, Newman, and myself." Bioff was asked whether the workers had voted to strike at Columbia. He said, "The Columbia strike was called for today without vote of the membership—on orders of the international president, George E. Browne."

Everyone in Hollywood knows by now why the strike was called. A last-minute tip to the I.A. officials threw them into panic. They knew they would be accused of company unionism. They struck the workers to refute the charge. The strike lasted one day.

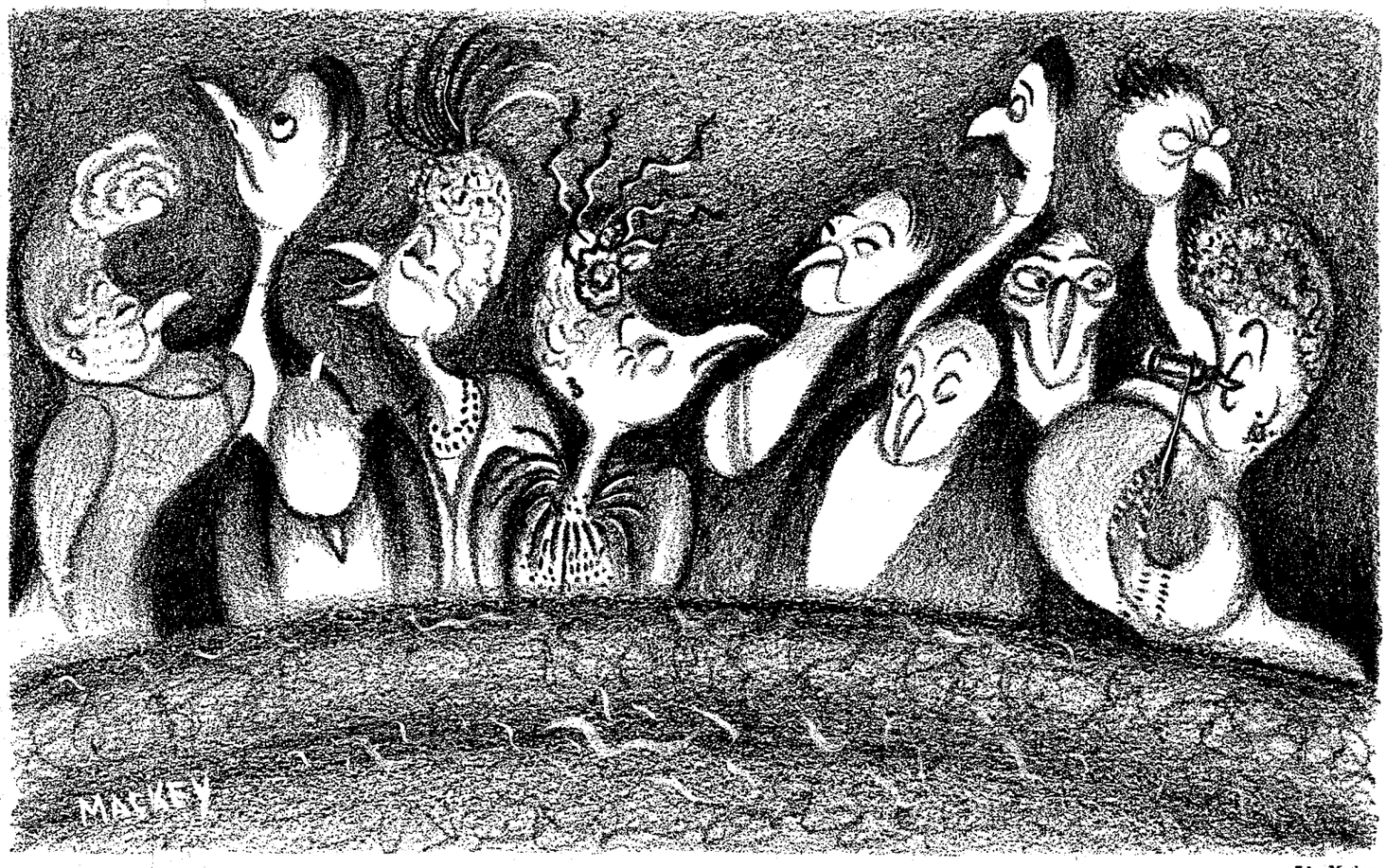
The reactionary Los Angeles *Times* attacked the investigating committee in this wise, "It is true the I.A.T.S.E. has most of the studios in a pretty tight grip, but the studios *have not openly complained, and why the committee should go out looking for trouble is not very plain.* There is one man who could complain . . . Harry Bridges, West Coast C.I.O. organizer, who has been trying to get an 'in' in the film business without success. The committee should make its purpose clear, lest it appear, even by inference, to be seeking to champion an alien agitator whose deportation is being considered." (My italics —M.P.)

Hearst, Chandler of the *Times,* Mayor Shaw, District-Attorney Burton Fitts, whose name is a stench in decent nostrils, are worried. They sense the rising temper of the studio workers. They feel the upsurge for decent government and are taking every step they can to scotch the investigation. Lives of militant progressives have been threatened. Rumor links the murder of Les Bruneman, a notorious gambler, with the hired thugs of Browne and Bioff and the office of District-Attorney Fitts. Citizens suspect that Bruneman was rubbed out because he knew too much.

So you see how the web has spread. From a few score trade unionists in 1935 to a gangster-controlled company-union in 1937 with links in the City Hall and a thread to the State Capitol at Sacramento.

This is the situation which the investigation was to dig into. The digging has stopped, the investigation is suspended until evidence is presented that will warrant calling the committee together again. Before adjourning, however, the committee received and refused to accept a report by its two investigators, whitewashing the I.A.T.S.E. and declaring that it was quite all right for the top officials to rule arbitrarily the locals here, with 12,000 members. The A. F. of L. succeeded in postponing the investigation, bringing pressure in the form of a committee to "investigate the investigators." Under attack in the press, and with this additional A. F. of L. pressure, the Assembly committee refused to allow questions which would have brought out startling facts about the use of gangsters and gunmen.

Even with the suspension of the investigation, however, a great gain has been scored in the education of the public, in the education of the workers in the movie industry. The fight for unity among the workers, and for the unseating of their corrupt officials, has been pushed forward. Reactionary A. F. of L. officialdom has had its back shoved against the wall. It has managed to stave off the exposure that would mean its end. But it knows that this fight can end only in industrial unionism.



John Mackey

UNNATURAL HISTORY

Roost at the Opera

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The American Candide

That wise old philosopher, Dr. Pangloss, conducts his charge on an exciting tour through this completely isolated world

By Michael Gold

Miss Cunegonde was shocked when a sudden rain of bombs fell from the sky. The whole street became a shambles; legs and arms and gory heads flew about her; the insane shrieks of disemboweled women and children filled her delicate ears; houses collapsed, paving stones grazed her hat, a geyser of human blood spattered her pink summer frock.

"This is an outrage," she cried. "These poor folk are being murdered needlessly."

"Let us resume our shopping," said Dr. Pangloss calmly. "These are only Chinese people, not Americans. It is not our affair."

But a squad of Japanese soldiers had noted the frown of disapproval on Miss Cunegonde's sweet, democratic face. They rushed up at the double-quick, under the command of a squat officer with a sword. Some jabbed their bayonets swiftly into the tender buttocks of Miss Cunegonde. Others penetrated the dry, jaundiced, less desirable hams of the venerable philosopher who was Miss Cunegonde's tutor on this world study-tour.

"We are Americans!" Miss Cunegonde shrieked.

"So sorry," the officer hissed politely. "Unfortunate error!" He handed her a slip of paper on which was printed the proper diplomatic form of apology, and spat in her eye. "So sorry, but we regret the presence of Americans. So unnecessary in the Orient!"

Dr. Pangloss beamed on him amiably from behind his long white beard. He shook the hand of the officer.

"The gentleman is right, my dear," he instructed Miss Cunegonde. "He confirms what I have been trying to teach you. Americans belong in America."

"Then why do Japanese belong in China?" asked Miss Cunegonde naïvely.

The officer scowled, and was about to smack her with his sword when Dr. Pangloss again saved the situation. "Japan is overpopulated, my dear," he said gently. The officer walked away.

That night at the hotel, while the doctor was bathing their wounds, Miss Cunegonde burst into tears.

"Dr. Pangloss, oughtn't I at least boycott silk stockings?"

"No, my dear," he soothed her, "that would make them angry. Such is not the democratic method. We must isolate ourselves from Europe and Asia and their quarrels."

"Suppose Japan becomes so overpopulated it needs the Philippines, and then moves on Mexico and California?" queried Miss Cunegonde.

"We will cross that bridge when we come to it," said Dr. Pangloss serenely. "We have a glorious army and navy."

Miss Cunegonde was too weary to debate the subject. But a week later, when they were crossing the Mediterranean on their way to visit the ruins in Rome, she reminded Dr. Pangloss of his statement.

"Why does isolation need an army and navy?" she inquired.

"My child," he explained patiently, "our army and navy are not militaristic. They are only for defense."

"Defense against whom?"

"We will cross that bridge," he began, "when . . ."

They were traveling on a Bulgarian freight steamer, bound for London with figs, wine, olives, and marble. Just as Pangloss was about to answer his pupil, a torpedo struck the steamer with a hollow thud. After a few minutes of dreadful suspense, the boilers exploded. Dr. Pangloss had enough presence of mind to seize life-preservers, and he and Miss Cunegonde found themselves floating in the sea.

A submarine jauntily flying a black pirate flag appeared above the waves. Young officers appeared on the flat deck, and surveyed the corpses and wreckage. They were jolly fellows, and howled with laughter at the sight of men expiring in grotesque agonies.

"Who are those monsters?" Miss Cunegonde cried indignantly, as she swam beside her guardian.

"Hush!" he said. "We are in the Spanish war zone. They must be Italians. Fascist Italians, my dear, are a proud folk. You must say nothing to offend them if they choose to rescue us, which I seriously doubt."

But the young officers, seeing a pretty young woman in a pink dress, with fascist gallantry hauled her in. Dr. Pangloss they pushed back into the water with their boots. But Miss Cunegonde wept and pleaded touchingly, and they let the old philosopher climb aboard too.

While he dried himself in a corner, six of the officers gallantly surrounded Miss Cunegonde and tried to make her. Finally, she managed to inform them she was an American. "So sorry," said the captain, clicking his heels, "we thought you were a Communist, since you sailed on a Communist ship."

"It was a Bulgarian ship," said Miss Cunegonde coldly, "and those poor drowned people did nothing to you."

"So sorry," said the Italian captain, "such are the errors of war. Do you believe in democracy, Miss?"

"Yes," said Miss Cunegonde defiantly, for by now she was growing peeved with the crude manners of these strangers. "I do, and what of it?"

"Look, I spit on democracy," cried the captain with a burst of Mephistophelean laughter. "To quote our Duce, liberty is a rotten corpse. What do you say to that, Miss America?"

"Nuts to democracy!" shouted the second mate.

"We'll cut its throat and drink its blood for coffee," growled another officer.

"Democracy is for silly women. We are strong men and fascists. . . ."

"We'll take Spain, Africa, France, and Turkey. Then we'll destroy England. The Duce will even wipe out your America if you get in his way," sneered the handsome young third mate. "He'll make a fascist world!"

Miss Cunegonde could no longer be polite. "That's a lie!" she cried patriotically, and would have said more, but Dr. Pangloss put his hand over her mouth and dragged her to one side.

"Isolation!" he said. "They're in a dangerous mood, my dear. Don't irritate them."

"But can't I uphold democracy?" Miss Cunegonde sobbed. "The Constitution, and George Washington, and the battle of Gettysburg, and free speech, and Mr. Herbert Hoover, whom my papa voted for . . ."

"No," said Dr. Pangloss sternly, "not anywhere in Europe and Asia. Remember my lessons. America must isolate herself from these quarrels."

"But suppose they wipe out democracy all over the world," sobbed Miss Cunegonde, "like they say, and we'd have no friends left, and . . ."

"Hush," said Dr. Pangloss, "we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Meanwhile, you must not offend these gentlemen."

"The way they've treated us, I think they're no gentlemen."

"My dear," said Dr. Pangloss kindly, "have I forgotten to tell you that Italy is also overpopulated? These submarine officers are only doing their duty."

Miss Cunegonde nodded her head meekly and was silent. She had affection and respect for her tutor, and believed him one of the wisest philosophers ever to have taught in an American girls' boarding-school. It was he who had instilled patriotic, democratic principles in her from girlhood. It was he who had told her romantic tales out of the past and made her proud of the wars American had won. Now he had changed; losing a son in the last war, he was against all war. And he was right; war was the most horrible thing in the world.

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Hadn't she just seen two examples of it, Shanghai and the submarine? Nothing was worth going to war about. Pacifism was best for America, perfect isolation.

But some of the new doctrine still wasn't as clear to her as to Dr. Pangloss. For instance, after they were put ashore from the submarine, they found their way to Berlin, where Dr. Pangloss wanted to study the art museums. But he found that all the paintings he had once known and liked were gone. Standing before a photographic daub, another portrait of a storm trooper, marked "True German Art," Dr. Pangloss frowned with dislike. Instantly, a group of tall, athletic men in brown uniforms seized him. They beat him with blackjacks, knocked out his last teeth, broke his eyeglasses. Finally, they snipped off his beard, branded a swastika on his forehead with their daggers, and yelling, "Jew! Jew!," threw him down a flight of stairs into the street.

Miss Cunegonde followed, wringing her hands and wailing, "He is no Jew!" But no one listened to her, there was too much noise. The day was a Nazi holiday. Everywhere uniformed men were goose-stepping to brass bands, chanting, "Down with the accursed democracies! Give us colonies!" On every corner gangs of brownshirted, heroic figures were kicking and beating isolated men and women. Some they cursed as Jews, others as dirty liberals or trade unionists. Miss Cunegonde picked up her bleeding tutor. There were no cabs, so she had to stagger home with him on her arm, while brownshirts jeered after her, "Jew! Jew! Liberal! Jew!"

"This is horrible," Miss Cunegonde groaned.

The old philosopher could scarcely speak through his puffed, bloody lips. But he mumbled, as serenely as a man could in his state, "Pay no attention, my dear. We are not Jews, Spaniards, or German trade unionists, Africans, French, Czechs, or Russians. We are isolated Americans. This is not our affair."

And the next day, in the hospital where he had to remain only a week, Dr. Pangloss said cheerily: "You don't understand the cause of this little accident. I should have told you sooner, my dear; Germany is also overpopulated."

Well, the two finally sailed home for America. I am sorry to say Miss Cunegonde returned more bewildered than when they had started. She brooded and brooded. Still loyal to democracy, she feared that people like those Japanese, German, and Italian officers might win all over the rest of the world. Then they might not respect America's desire for isolation, but rush in here and grab, since they weren't strictly gentlemen, as she'd noticed. Then what? Dr. Pangloss said we would cross that bridge when we came to it. He also told her the fascists were fighting only against Russia, not against America. But she'd heard those Italians say, "We spit on democracy." That meant America, didn't it? And those poor people in Shanghai weren't Russians, but certainly looked like Chinese. As for those Jews and trade unionists in Berlin, they were Jews and Germans. It was all so confused. Take this claim of overpopulation. If it were true, why did Mussolini and Hitler give prizes for more children, urge everyone to overpopulate?

"Do not worry over the details, my child," Dr. Pangloss would say kindly to her. "The chief thing is that we keep America out of war —any war, and at any cost."

"But I think I'd help keep America out of war by upholding democracy against those nasty fascists," Miss Cunegonde said timidly. "Is that so wrong?"

"You've been listening to a Red," Dr. Pangloss smiled tolerantly. "Only Communists want to fight for democracy against fascism."

"But do *you* like fascism, Dr. Pangloss?" she inquired.

"No, I hate it."

"Isn't there anything we can do against it, then?"

"Nothing—because anything we do would lead to a war."

"But they're making war now."

"Not on America, child."

"But would it mean war if we came out strongly for democracy?"

"Yes—of course, it might."

"Then they've beaten us already—we daren't even speak out."

"You think like a Communist, my dear girl. And I try to tell you, America is not concerned with European quarrels."

"But is Europe concerned with anything in America?"

"Yes. The Italian fascists and the Nazis have a spy and propaganda service here, but we are rooting it out."

"Why have they got it here?"

"To make this country fascist, I suppose, but we've crushed their foolish little plot."

"It shows, however, Dr. Pangloss, that they're not leaving us to our isolation. Suppose they keep it up, try to destroy our democracy from within, instead of without?"

"They can never do it—this isn't Austria or Spain."

"Maybe they'll start on South America. They've already taken Brazil. Suppose they try Mexico next—what then?"

"They wouldn't dare. They wouldn't dare!"

"Why not? We won't try to stop them, will we?"

"In South America? Yes."

"But that isn't perfect isolation, Dr. Pangloss. And it might lead to war."

"No, never. All we need is to take a firm stand—that would be enough—they know our strength!"

"But couldn't we take the same firm stand for democracy elsewhere?"

"No," Dr. Pangloss said, beginning to lose his temper. "That's what Stalin wants us to do!"

"Why does he want us to do it?" Miss Cunegonde persisted.

"Because he wants to destroy democracy," Dr. Pangloss yelled. "It's not our affair, I tell you, and close your damn trap, you little squirt. I've been sick of you for the last ten thousand miles, and I wish to God I didn't have to earn a living dragging little pots around Europe, and haven't I told you a thousand times it's all caused by overpopulation, so Mussolini, Hitler, and Japan are forced to fight? And if I were in their place I'd do the same, but I believe in isolation for America, and democracy to the last dollar, and let them try to take South America, we'll manicure their claws!"

The old man was suddenly terrific, and Miss Cunegonde began to suspect that his isolationism was only skin-deep, and that under the surface some strange emotions bubbled and waited for their hour. At times she even began to wonder whether Dr. Pangloss really cared a hoot for the "democracy" he had taught her, since he seemed so anxious to appease the fascists. It was all very confusing, and I regret to say that all that remained clear in her mind was that theory of overpopulation.

Valencia, July 1937

Almost one would think they had made
the sea fascist and the sky fascist;
watching how people in streets cast their glances
into the dazzle or into the good coolness of dark,
not to see sun or stars, but under compulsion
of watchfulness always, of death from the air.

And the sea, spending itself largely
spreading its lap to the bathers, to the brown children;
little boats slide, and the rafts on flat waters
carry cool looks we love, as we stand in the sun.
And the sea, too, is looked at askance by citizens
because of the place where sea and sky meet and conspire.
They curtain, between them, the body of death,
massive and grey and swarming with it, as our sea swarms with life;
and guns rear their reptile heads slowly, and spit—
trained by conspirators, by the sea and the sky we have loved.

Almost it might have seemed that all the loved things betray us,
but for the fact that new men walk, new women people the streets,
and children stoop over schoolbooks, having at last truth before them.
And under ignoble compulsion, hateful and stupid and deathly,
the most noble of all, life, rises again, is strong, is not slain.

VALENTINE ACKLAND.

★ ★ ★

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READERS' FORUM

A plea for help—Two views of Walter Lippmann—West Coast labor struggles and the lawyer's status

TO THE NEW MASSES:

My brother, Edward, was captured by Franco's forces on February 15 along with twenty other American volunteers.

For all these many months no word has been heard from him, and my mother is slowly being driven to distraction.

Since the battalion records were taken along with my brother and the other volunteers, for months we did not even know what had happened to him. It was only recently that we learned from the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade offices, that he had been taken prisoner.

We do not know, however, whether he is now in a fascist prison camp, or whether he has faced a firing squad. I have written and cabled to Franco, but to no avail. I have appealed to President Roosevelt and to Secretary of State Hull, but still no action.

I appeal to your readers to help us, by writing to President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull insisting that they investigate the fate and whereabouts of my brother and his twenty colleagues.

We feel that only the pressure of public opinion will force our government to act in behalf of these twenty-one American citizens.

New York City. GRACE FREED.

Re Lamont on Lippmann

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I think Mr. Corliss Lamont is a little bit mistaken about Walter Lippmann in his admirable book review. I think he takes him a little too tragically. I was at Harvard with Lippmann—1907 through 1910—and knew him intimately under George Santayana and William James, knew him well for many years afterwards when I was a European correspondent for the *World* and the old *Morning Sun* and when I used to write for the *New Republic* in the old days. I think Mr. Lamont gives his change of heart too grave an importance. Old Uncle George—that is what we theme writers and theme readers used to call Santayana—used to quote a Greek proverb, from Solon, I think: "A youth who is not an anarchist is a knave; an old man who is not a conservative is a fool." As I recall the context, the thought was that a young man who was a tory was so because of interest, that he had no principles; that an old man who was still bold in thought was so because he had not profited by experience which is supposed, anyway, to teach that things are more difficult than they seem.

Now Mr. Lamont assumes that Lippmann is an economist. He is not. He has no baggage at all. (I am a financial journalist and we are by profession the ghosts to the ghosts of the mighty wrietrs who, of course, can't write themselves.) I am not saying that there is anything much to being an economist. John Maynard Keynes describes the economist as a sort of dentist, a modest, thorough, conscientious, inexpensive person who does not presume to deal with life and death. (That is an ideal one, for they are not all like that, although perhaps they ought to be.) Nor is Lippmann a historian, or a scholar of any kind. He is not exactly a quack though. He is an editorial writer, as am I. He deals in the daily, educated business of flashing something bookish before the bewildered. It is an extremely corrupt art. It has always been so. It is very old. Philosophy is, perhaps, another word for it. Thesis, antithesis, synthesis. The Hegelian trilogy may perhaps explain the error and the evil.

One should not, I think, get too excited about such things. I think Mr. Lamont should bear this in mind when he writes about the changes in men's economic or political views. The whole business needs humanizing. I live on East Thirty-Seventh Street. So does Mr. J. P. Morgan. I delight to live here, in my diggings. I have never been so happy in my life as during the recent and present predicament. It is immensely exciting to me. I think I know, though, that it is not nearly so delightful to Mr. Morgan, 165 feet away, in his collection houses and mansion. That is because I can be less "interested" than is poor Mr. Morgan. By the very machinery of the thing, I do not accept the principle of representing anybody else. I have no responsibilities. Neither has Lippmann, in his larger enterprise in opinion engineering.

HARRISON REEVES.

New York City.

Reviewer Lamont Replies

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Harrison Reeves's letter is genuinely illuminating and entertaining, and I wish he would let us have some more of his reminiscences.

Yet he does not shake my conviction that Walter Lippmann constitutes an American tragedy, a sort of Ramsay MacDonald among middle-class intellectuals. Starting out as a radical and a socialist before the war and possessing the advantages of a keen mind, a winning personality, and a most effective literary style, Lippmann ended up by giving over his exceptional gifts to the service of reaction smirkingly posing as liberalism. And by some strange coincidence he at the same time attained an eminent position in New York and Long Island society quite comparable to that of the late Mr. MacDonald in London.

We should not be surprised when young radicals become old or middle-aged tories, but it is legitimate to feel disappointed. Mr. Reeves, Mr. Santayana, and the revered Mr. Solon to the contrary notwithstanding, there are far more young radicals who have sufficient guts and intellectual principle to stand by socialism than those who finally turn tail and seek consolation on the bosom of Mother Capitalism. The proverb quoted by Santayana, always himself a conservative in politics, was obviously invented by tories to discourage dissenting youth through condescension in the form of a bright epigram.

Of course Mr. Lippmann is no economist. But the trouble is that a lot of people think he is.

New York City. CORLISS LAMONT.

A Fight to the Finish

TO THE NEW MASSES:

"It's a fight to the finish. I'll accept no peace terms with the C.I.O. no matter who makes them," says Dave Beck, A. F. of L. labor chief in the Northwest. That Beck recognizes no law, either that of the A. F. of L. or the country, is no news to us here in the Northwest. He flouts the present national efforts at unity between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. while continuing his "fight to the finish" with the C.I.O.

Beck's "fight to the finish" with the C.I.O. centered in the Pacific Northwest on July 2. In collaboration with the employers he attacked the American Newspaper Guild, forcing a strike at the Seattle *Star*. When workers resisted his attempt to force them back into the A. F. of L., Beck moved his "fight to the finish" to San Francisco. He failed there, and today the scene has shifted back to Seattle.

With the support of the Chamber of Commerce and Mayor Dore, who bragged before the A. F. of L. convention that he would "run the C.I.O. out of the city," Dave Beck has mobilized all his forces for a new attack. Warehousemen, timber workers, and Newspaper Guildsmen—all C.I.O. affiliated groups—are facing a simultaneous move by a semi-fascist city government, a Chamber of Commerce, and "the A. F. of L. strong man, Dave Beck."

Beck and Mayor Dore's Red-baiting campaign culminated last week in the refusal to allow Bill Dunne and Clarence Hathaway to speak in Seattle.

ELLEN MCGRATH,
J. P. DALLAS.

Seattle, Wash.

The Lawyer's Plight

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In view of your interest in the status of professional people, and the articles which you have featured on the economic condition of the lawyer, I cannot help but bring the following to your attention. This advertisement was published for three days, November 15-17, in the Situations Wanted column of the New York *Law Journal*.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

TO THOSE MEMBERS OF THE BAR

who desire law clerks of demonstrated ability, high scholarship, law review training; and who are willing to pay a moderate salary: The following June graduates of New York University, awaiting admission after having passed the June Bar Examination, ambitious and highly recommended, are available for permanent positions in active law offices:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF LAW REVIEW, SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS, RESEARCH EXPERIENCE, B.S.S., LL.B.;

YOUNG WOMAN, LAW REVIEW, DIXON SCHOLARSHIP AWARD, B.A., LL.B.;

PHI BETA KAPPA, SCHOLARSHIP AWARD, RESEARCH AND OFFICE EXPERIENCE, B.S.S., LL.B.;

LAW REVIEW BOARD, SCHOLARSHIP AWARD, FORMERLY CONNECTED WITH AN A. B. A. PUBLICATION, LL.B.;

LAW REVIEW EDITOR, SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS, SALUTATORIAN, SECOND IN CLASS, RICH RESEARCH EXPERIENCE, B.S., LL.B.;

EDITOR AIR LAW REVIEW, HONORS, RESEARCH EXPERIENCE, AUTHOR CRIMINOLOGICAL ARTICLES, B.S.S., J.D.;

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AIR LAW REVIEW, SPECIAL TRAINING THEATRICALS, RADIO AND AVIATION LAW, OFFICE EXPERIENCE, B.S.S., LL.B.

BOX 935, LAW JOURNAL

The spectacle of these young men and women still seeking jobs at "moderate salaries" (five to ten dollars a week) some five months after being graduated with honors and representing the highest scholarship of their school is a bitter commentary on the condition of the legal profession today. The injustice of this condition to which law clerks and young attorneys are reduced is particularly obvious when it is recalled that, according to the report of the New York County Lawyers' Association, the *average* income for all lawyers in New York County (the total income for the profession divided by the number of members) is some six thousand dollars per year.

It becomes painfully clear that law clerks and law students stand in need of the benefits of organization as fully as any other exploited group. The recently formed American Law Students' Association (offices Room 530, Woolworth Building, New York City), with local chapters at Columbia, St. John's, N. Y. U., Brooklyn, and Harvard Law Schools is the only existing law-student group which concerns itself actively with the economic problem of the law student and law clerk. It is fully possible that this group in coöperation with the National Lawyers' Guild may succeed in ridding the profession of some of its more shameless and unprincipled exploitation.

New York City. SAMUEL HOOKER.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Three books from Spain's trenches—A trade-union handbook—Kafka's idiom and a South American passage

WAR must appear an easy subject only to Hollywood where it becomes a mechanical problem of sound and fury. To John Sommerfield,* creeping up to front lines in Spain as a volunteer, war is "not like the books." He means that war in Spain has a dimension not usually chronicled. War literature as a rule is more concerned with action than the act. The act of fighting in the kind of war now going on in Spain undoubtedly indicates a range of experience new and complex. All three books under present review have this in common: the writing is done by men in action who are not only sensible of possible imminent death, but even more, of the suddenly revealed and dazzling opportunities of life.

John Sommerfield, young Englishman of twenty-eight, volunteered for Spain in the fall of 1936. In a few weeks he was in the front lines defending Madrid. At first there was no ammunition and no guns. The arrival of guns is supremely important; his description of the feeling of the men for their guns becomes a revelation of an attitude toward this war. The man and gun are pitted against enormous odds in the sky which breaks open to destroy all living things. Past impressions become negative, and the soldier discovers bullets, airplanes, cold, exhaustion, the wounded, the dead. All that would destroy him is added unto the survivor; the sense of the impermanence of his own life does not cripple, but sustains; the death of a comrade is an additional weapon. The obstruction that united and determined spirits offer to mechanized warfare becomes a powerful reality. Tiny men, women, and children, seemingly helpless, defend not only their city, inch by inch, but an ideal of humanity as real to them as bread. Sommerfield has chosen to write of the ordinary routine of war rather than of individual acts of heroism. He is wise; the net result is a heroic picture. Avoiding windy words, slogans, and obscurities, he confines himself scrupulously to the act of war as he and his comrades knew it. The dragging, waiting days are part of his record, and his admiration goes out to the men for their patience and endurance, their discipline and morale. It is these factors, he concludes, that win wars rather than spectacular heroic deeds.

Ramon Sender† comes to the same conclusion in *Counter-Attack*. A Spanish writer of distinction, Sender brought to the Spanish war a superb equipment. He had military training, was an excellent organizer, knew political and cultural history, had emerged from a Catholic background to Communism; moreover, he was as acquainted with his country and his countrymen as if they had been part of his own skin. He jumped into the war from the start, leaving his wife and children in a village considered safe. It was later captured by the fascists and his innocent wife was shot. We do not even learn of this tragedy until the last pages of *Counter-Attack*, and no circumstance could more completely reveal the nature of the struggle in Spain which Sender interprets as beyond the personal fate of man.

At the same time no writer could be more intimately aware of the lovable, personal qualities of people. At critical moments everything becomes interesting, the smallest detail is a clue to the seeing eye, and Ramon Sender not only notices the sky at dawn before the attack begins but the stubble on a man's face, and with joy he recognizes the intelligence and impetus that come with natural ease from the workers in a struggle they recognize as their own. *Counter-Attack* is a record of the fresh, sure signs of their strength; it is a story of peasants, ticket collectors, boiler makers, onion pickers putting to flight the elegant gentlemen of Santiago, the well-born scions of Gonzola de Cordova, educated in the best academies, advised by the most learned soldiers of Italy and Germany. His description of Second Lieutenant Hontoriá, a very large peasant with a childish expression, who had once read a book and had learned so much from it that he put to shame the idle libraries of the rich, is an example of the method Sender uses to show the quick mind, the alert impulse waiting in millions of workers for an opportunity to develop.

In Spain they are fighting for their future and in *Counter-Attack* Sender has given a three-dimensional picture that has significance beyond its immediate subject. Actually it concerns the world. I do not mean only that his discussions of international politics are pertinent but that his realization of the creative function of conflict may apply anywhere today. It does apply to farmers and strikers at Flint and elsewhere in a way that I recognize because I have seen it, and the joy and development that Sender so skillfully explains and interprets is not confined either to war or Spain. Sender's close identity with the workers makes him unafraid of criticism, and he sharply analyzes loyalist defeats and internal difficulties. His conclusion that Franco's victories can be won but never consolidated are substantiated by the evidence in every line of *Counter-Attack*.

*From Spanish Trenches,** a compilation of recent letters from fighters in Spain, edited by Marcel Acier, would be valuable if for no other reason than that it contains a splendid account by the Dutch novelist, Jef Last. His description of the Catholic Bergamin's attitude toward Franco is an answer to the deluded Catholics who fancy religion would be advanced by a fascist victory. The volume begins with the impressive account by Jay Allen of the slaughter in the bull-ring at Badajoz, moving up to letters from members of the hospital units and from different divisions of the International Brigades. A wide range is indicated from the analytical sensitive accounts of Jef Last and Pablo Torriente Brau to the simpler letters of soldiers unused to writing, who fall back on slogans to express their deep intentions.

Letters from Americans are typical and touching. The laconic phrase and type of dry humor are expressive as a gesture. Reading, I recall the boys I saw in the trenches at Jarama with the inevitable "front-line" look, but joking none the less. Isolated often by their inability to speak Spanish, the Americans seem particularly spirited in these letters in which they are often more hopeful than the war-wise Germans. "It will be a bloody year," writes the German Kantorowicz, while an American puts courage into the folks back home with "the fascists are on their last legs." Here too comes the same conclusion that was sounded in Sommerfield and Sender. "This business is not just heroics," writes the American Hank.

Three better books for the discovery and exploration of present-day Spain could not be devised. *Counter-Attack* is practically indispensable and *Volunteer in Spain* and *From Spanish Trenches* are first-rate records of the internationals who are a clear and living proof of the universality of the Spanish cause.

JOSEPHINE HERBST.

Handbook of Unionism

WHEN LABOR ORGANIZES, *by Robert R. Brooks. Yale University Press.* $3.

HERE is the handbook on trade unionism for which we have long been waiting. Every page bears witness to the fact that the author has written the book out of first-hand experience. More, he has taught it to people who knew nothing about the subject. The result is an excellent full treatment of the trade-union movement written in non-technical language and easily understood by beginners in the field. The literature on the trade-union movement is extensive, but never before, to my knowledge, has any author accomplished what Professor Brooks has succeeded in doing so admirably: giving us a picture of unions not as depersonalized institutions but as associations of human beings, like you and me. Live men and women of real flesh and blood people these pages.

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* VOLUNTEER IN SPAIN, *by John Sommerfield. Alfred A. Knopf.* $1.50.

† COUNTER-ATTACK IN SPAIN, *by Ramon Sender. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.

* FROM SPANISH TRENCHES, *edited by Marcel Acier. Modern Age Books.* 35c.

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The book opens with the arrival of organizer John O'Mara in non-union Tomkinstown. Through the story of how O'Mara starts the ball rolling we learn what the problems of beginning union organization are, and how they are met. Then follows a thumbnail sketch of the history of the labor movement in its background of social and economic change. As the programs and policies of the Knights of Labor, I.W.W., A. F. of L., and C.I.O. are presented, we see how the changes in American industry have been accompanied by corollary changes in American unionism. The somewhat complicated structure of the A. F. of L. is clearly outlined, and its break with the C.I.O. is explained as it should be—in terms of the inevitable emergence of industrial unionism in face of the failure of short-sighted craft-union heads to lead a movement crying for organization and guidance.

From the moment of its inception trade unionism has been recognized by employers as a serious threat to their power and profits. They have fought it bitterly. Anti-unionism, too, has a history, a history of open violent attack—the imposition of yellow-dog contracts, the beating up of organizers, the murder of leaders; of secret cunning thrusts—the employment of spies, the use of the blacklist; of subtle undermining of allegiance—employee stock ownership, welfare work, company unions. "When labor organizes," employers organize also. Professor Brooks tells us that history too.

Thus, an excellent chapter on the strike—causes, kinds, conduct, and completion of—is followed by one on breaking strikes. Here the author does something especially useful. He devotes half of the space allotted to this subject to the story of the attempted smashing of the 1936 Remington Rand strike. That atrocious tale was first told in an extensive National Labor Relations Board report of well over a hundred pages. (The value, to the Left, of the admirably written, extremely pertinent N.L.R.B. reports has hitherto, unfortunately, not been recognized.) Brooks gives an exciting summary account of that report, exposing plainly the newest strikebreaking technique. It is important that wide publicity be given to Mr. Rand's "Mohawk Valley formula" which was used in expanded form by Girdler & Co. in the little-steel strike of 1937. Armed with this knowledge few people will again be taken in by fake "citizens' committees."

In addition to the valuable appendix which is a complete and very useful list (1936-37) of A. F. of L., C. I. O., and non-affiliated unions with statistics of their membership, there is a chapter containing brief descriptive sketches of the important unions in the basic industries, in durable and consumers' goods, and in transportation and communications.

Though Professor Brooks has faith in the trade-union movement, he never makes the mistake of glossing over difficulties or concealing evils. I found it hard to swallow some of the bitter truths in the chapters on the Business Policies of Labor, and Finances Administration and Leadership. Nevertheless, I prefer an unadulterated pill to a sugar-coated one—even if it is unpleasant to take. It is indeed one of the chief merits of this book that nowhere in it is there any hedging or pulling of punches. Professor Brooks serves the cause of labor better by telling all the truth than if he had attempted to whitewash the "bad spots."

This is not to imply that the labor movement need be ashamed of Professor Brooks's objective findings. There is, of course, some truth in the anti-union employers' oft-repeated charges of graft and racketeering. There is truth in the charge of bureaucracy. Nor can it be denied that some unions are riddled with favoritism, that others have pursued monopolistic policies detrimental to honest non-unionists. But all this is merely to say that unions are composed of human beings subject to the stresses and strains of capitalist society. Students of labor history will agree with Professor Brooks that most of the charges are exaggerated—that the record of labor is far and away better than that of business. To my own mind, it is not here that labor leaders have fallen down. It is rather in the large number of opportunities missed, in their lack of militancy, in their ignorance of what must be the ultimate goal of the trade-union movement—socialism.

In his last chapter, the author asks and answers two fundamental questions: What is social well-being? Answer—the maximum production and distribution of goods and services. How can it be attained? Answer—there are three possible social instruments: business, government, and the labor movement. Professor Brooks examines the potentialities of each, shows why the first two cannot do the trick, and concludes that the attainment of social well-being must come about through the development of a strong, militant, labor movement. I should like to say "right" to that—if the labor movement is coupled with a political party which consciously strives for the attainment of socialism, and achieves it.

On one minor point I should like to register a difference of opinion. The author says that the numerous short sit-downs and walkouts in the automobile industry following the General Motors no-strike agreement, "have been the

"If the missus asks, I'm going out to get a bite to eat." Barney Tobey

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result, in large part, of the unfamiliarity of both workers and management with the shop-steward system." I believe that they are due, in the main, to the hard feelings caused by the protracted strike. In steel, where several hundred companies followed the lead of U. S. Steel in signing agreements with the S.W.O.C. *without a strike,* there has not been a single sit-down or walkout.

The pictures and cartoons in the book are as excellent as the text. The photograph, facing page 160, "National Guardsmen Covering 'No Man's Land' in Flint" (Wide World), is one of the best I have ever seen. It is a pity that so useful and necessary a book should cost so much. Workers who cannot afford to pay three dollars need this book much more than those who have the money. Would it be out of place to suggest an arrangement whereby a cheap paper edition could be published for less than a dollar?

LEO HUBERMAN.

Secular Crucifixion

THE TRIAL, *by Franz Kafka. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

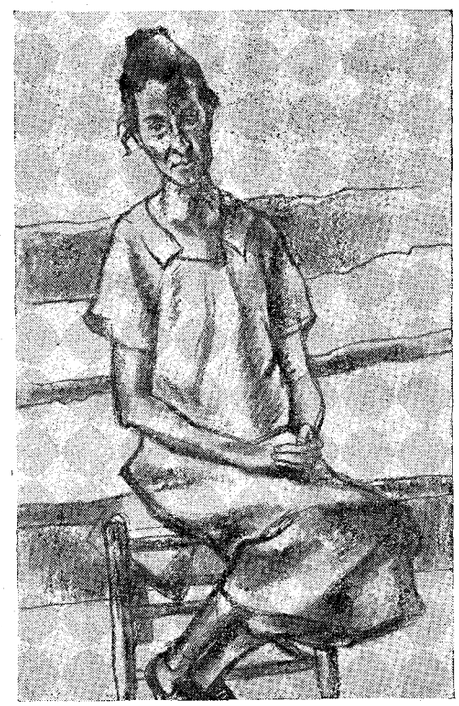
THE essence of Kafka is wholly imbedded in his technical genius. This consists in the relation of subdued horror stories that occur as in a dream, with the startling difference that, no matter how phantom-like events appear in retrospect, they are made almost fully credible by a method of realistic detailing that *deterministically* accounts for each step. In the traditional ghost story, psychological relief may be offered by the possibility of invoking a counter-magic to evil spirits. This way out is barred by Kafka's idiom. His strange visions are precise and concrete, his weird happenings follow the laws of our space-time continuum. Kafka's simple, crystal-clear language is the carrier of the most incongruous. Likewise, his categories are at once natural and supernatural, his situations at once comic and cruel. This extraordinary technique of presenting the "free" and "determined" as simultaneous also circumscribes Kafka's view of life.

His novels have been called allegories. Yet they contain no abstract messages and no expressed morality. Ideas appear through physical events, while objects have transparent character. Kafka tells a straight story. Yet every event has the unmistakable sign of being something else. But this is never named.

Kafka's biographia may be helpful in gaining some clue to his work. He lived in old Austria, characterized by the frozen formality of its petty bourgeois "shopocracy." His distaste for its paralysis of the spiritual life was accentuated by his preparation for a legal career which he never followed. There was little air in this world, and when Kafka came to suffer from tuberculosis (of which he died), the "air" metaphor became fixed for his entire *Weltanschauung.* Kafka was led to envisage the cosmos as mechanistically held down by close-knit gradations of impenetrable and irremovable stages lost in an infinite regression. Within this labyrinth, the atmosphere is pictured again and again as oppressive, stifling, choking. Beyond, Kafka hoped, there was God or freedom. But, whereas determinism was a fact, freedom was only a faith. All this contributed to Kafka's utter isolation that turned him within, even against himself, dramatically illustrated in his nihilist insistence that his friend Max Brod destroy every line he had written.

The Trial depicts this lonesomeness of the self, this absence of the *spiritual* in a world where hierarchical impediments are necessarily intertwined with the nature of existence. The bank official K. is arrested one morning "without having done wrong." He is under arrest, yet is allowed to continue his usual routine work. K. hires a lawyer, faces judges, receives advice. Yet, not once does he get an inkling of the charge. Constantly referred from one judge to another, he never gets to see the High Judges. The subordinate officials do not know whence cases come, nor whither they pass. The proceedings are marked by the prose, grayness, and flatness of daily life. To meet the secret charge (secret apparently to all), "the whole of one's life would have to be passed in review, down to the smallest actions and accidents." K. is told that the case, in which "no document is ever lost," may go on indefinitely to "remote, inaccessible courts."

The story appears as a basic indictment of Being, as involving the torturous compulsions and crucifixions of man's daily bagatelle tasks. Arraigned against the accused are not only the visible and invisible judges, but also the defending advocates who are part of the caste. Only once, in the remarkable cathedral scene, does K. feel that possibly the priest might secure his acquittal by "circumvention of the case." But the priest, too, "belonged to the court." The road seems closed on all sides.



Tromka

The Goddess of Justice turns out to be a Goddess of the Hunt and the life of man both an Inferno and a Walpurgis night, with the difference that in Kafka's sealed world the voice of the Lord or of Faust is not heard. Even the psychological catharsis of martyrdom is excluded, for the "cause" itself is ambiguous.

What is this misty "Boyg" K. faces? How is it that he offers no real resistance to the unreasonable procedure? Is it because K. is the modern emasculated "hero," a bank official himself "guilty" of similar red tape that is practised against him? Does this account for the Raskolnikov nature of his attraction for the court process, for his quiet self-reproach? When K. is stabbed to death in the final, gruesome execution scene, he seems almost relieved.

There are indications that Kafka at times specified the mechanistic enemy. In his posthumous notes, he writes: "Our laws . . . are the secret of a small nobility, which rules us." Yet, in *The Trial,* "the left" that at first seems to sympathize with K., merges with its "colleagues" of the "right" hostile to K. Still, Kafka does not completely shut the door. We hear that there are "legendary accounts of acquittal." And there also seems hope in the fact that man is "insatiable." While he ordered all of his books destroyed, Kafka himself lacked that faith to do this himself.

Kafka's art is unique in contemporary literature. His novels have philosophic implications without containing discursive reflections. They are absorbing accounts, although lacking in character creations. At the same time, this suggests the thin enclosure of Kafka's art. His stories are non-dramatic, told from a single perspective. The ubiquitous enemy is never particularized. Kafka's conflicts are bodiless, occurring in a terrain that is not approachable from the *outside.* Hence, events are endlessly repeated, rendering a climactic resolution impossible. It seems to us that Kafka "confesses" this limitation of his theme in describing the process of K.'s case as consisting of "the same old exhortations . . . the same references to the progress of the petition . . . in short the same stale platitudes would be brought out again." We therefore feel that, *possibly,* Kafka is profound. But you cannot really tell from his circular delineation of the great silent wall. In vain does one seek for any indication of his position toward concrete issues. Nowhere, not even in the recently published diaries and letters, is there any evidence that the great upheavals of our time exerted the least effect on his mind. Stubbornly remaining in his aloneness, Kafka all the more "safely" arraigned the world and life, specifically the *necessary collective means* which are an unavoidable form of every *social* process. From Kafka's dark corner, the "nearest truth" seemed that "one presses one's head against the walls of a windowless and doorless cell." He did not separate inescapable evils from that ignoble suffering due to specific social forms.

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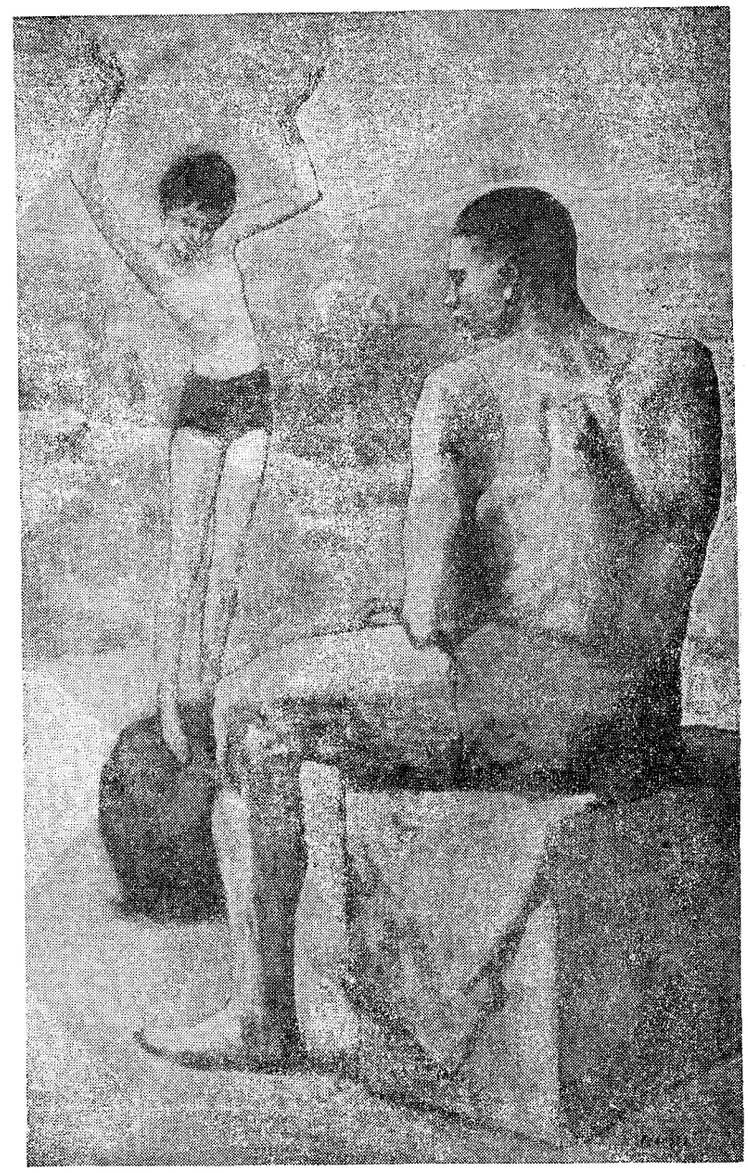

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its Kierkegaardian motif of fear and trembling contains a quiet suggestion of the deep pain that goes with final irreconcilability toward human limitation. If we can discount his implied admonition toward humble submission, surrender to faith and grace, we can find in him that sense of the tragic which allows a sensitive and tender relation to the simple and wholesome. "Man's fate" does not rule out but calls for the carrying out of those social tasks for which Kafka was disabled by his solipsistic life-pattern, but which, together with insight into perennial dilemmas, lend man his dignity. HARRY SLOCHOWER.

Beals "Reports" South America

AMERICA SOUTH, *by Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott.* $3.50.

CARLETON BEALS over a period of years has built up a reputation for himself as a reporter of South and Central American affairs; and his word on the subject, although occasionally challenged by specialists, has come to be pretty generally accepted as authoritative. He has traveled widely, established many first-hand contacts, and collected voluminous observations, which he has the knack of putting into fluent, readable form.

Upon laying down a book by Beals, the average reader will feel that he has just had the advantage of a thoroughgoing immersion in the politics and life of the countries under consideration. If he has a retentive mind, he will have acquired much factual information —often of a more or less unrelated character and without indication as to the direction in which the facts are moving. It is possible that he will also have learned some things that are not true, or whose truth is warped by those mystical modes of thinking into which the intellectual everywhere so readily falls unless he is fortunate enough to have a firmly grounded orientation.

Neither Mr. Beals nor his publishers could have foreseen the unusually severe test to which *America South* would be put, through having its publication date practically coincide with the formal declaration of a fascist state in Brazil as the culmination of the Integralistas movement which has been coming up for a number of years past. Mr. Beals gives not the slightest account of this movement despite the fact that it has given birth to a small literature of "ideological" works since 1934. The name Integralistas does not occur in the book, and there are but four purely passing references to Getulio Vargas, while Luis Carlos Prestes, Brazil's "knight of hope," gets four words in all.

Really, with no desire to be captious, what is one to say of such "reporting" as this? Here is a political force calculated to affect the destiny of the western hemisphere and, through its repercussions upon North America, that of the world; not a sudden turn of events, but a highly visible trend that has been in the making for some time. Yet our "reporter" fails to "protect" himself, as any ordinary reporter would, and consequently

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lets himself in for a beat. Would any news agency accept his excuses in such a case? And of a thoughtful, supposedly authoritative reporter between covers, we certainly have a right to expect more.

There are other omissions almost as glaring. There is, for example, nothing of the people's-front movement in Chile. Nor is there any logical treatment in general of the rising tide of fascism which is threatening to engulf the southern continent; there is no consideration of its distinctive South American characteristics—its at times Catholic-centrist, at other times Catholic-monarchic tinge—which it is so important that we understand. Anti-Semitism is also passed over, save for a few perfunctory sentences devoted to the Argentine Jew-baiters; there is nothing of anti-Semitism in Brazil and its relation to the nationalist movement there.

Even in considering a manifestation like A.P.R.A. (American Popular Revolutionary Alliance), the author fails to discern its real roots and causes, its true nature, concluding that Aprismo is "a movement molded to immediate needs, which achieves a synthesis of the doctrines and tactics of democracy, Marxian communism, and fascism"! For Mr. Beals would have us believe that "In Latin America capitalism cannot be saved because it has never existed, except as an outside power. Democracy and certain liberties which are inimical to a tottering capitalism cannot be destroyed in Latin America because they have never existed. The middle class cannot be saved from being crushed in the war between capital and labor because the Latin American middle class is only beginning to emerge." Etc., etc.

What *America South* does give us, in addition to an account of races, racial admixtures, *Conquistadores,* revolutions, and such other material as might be gleaned from special treatises, is a consideration of certain recent aspects of the South American question, such as the struggle for markets, Pan-Americanism, and the Monroe Doctrine, Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy, and the like. Here, while the author does not fall for the bunk, he remains in the end no more than the debunker, with no ray of light to shed on the outcome of the question.

Mr. Beals's sympathies and attitudes are usually those of the liberal. He has the liberal's courage upon occasion, as when he wittily attacks the Pan-American Union and its silly, downright disgraceful *Bulletin.* But he likewise has the liberal's limitations, including a shortsightedness and befuddlement of view upon crucial issues, at a crucial moment in the history of South America and of the world.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

A. Ajay

Brief Reviews

PHOTO-HISTORY, *No. 3. Oct.-Dec., 1937. Modern Age Books, Inc.* 25c.

MEN AND SHIPS, *A Pictorial of the Maritime Industry. District Council No. 2, Maritime Federation of the Pacific Coast.* 50c.

Photo-picture magazines are sweeping the country at a rate no other form of journalism ever achieved, and they are still trying to settle to a definite formula. *Life* has tried several new tacks since it first appeared; *Look* is turning more and more to the traditional story form told through pictures. *Photo-History* is the only one of them that has had a clear-cut formula from the first: a thoroughgoing historical survey of a single subject per issue. This third number, subtitled "War Is Here," is a camera's eye-view of the wind-up of the World War, the economic rivalries which followed it, and the present critical tension among the great powers with war already broken out in Ethiopia, Spain, and China. Frank Hanighen, Maxwell Stewart, George Seldes, and others contribute brief articles which accompany the pictures.

Similar to *Photo-History* in plan is *Men and Ships,* which is not a periodical, but is issued in magazine format and is devoted to a single subject. This is the pictorial story of life on the West Coast waterfront, showing conditions before and after the great maritime strike, as well as dramatic news pictures of events during the course of the struggle. The life of the longshoremen is graphically shown, and the publication thereby does one very important job: it *humanizes* waterfront life and strike activity the way no merely verbal study could do. *Men and Ships* is a pioneering step in American trade-union journalism, and every union anticipating a serious struggle in which it must win the support of other strata of the population would do well to take a look at *Men and Ships.* Such a picture history of the events in steel could be a classic.

A. T.

ILLINOIS LABOR NOTES, VOL. 5, NO. 11. *National Research League, 184 N. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. 5c per copy, $1 annually.*

A detailed list of Japanese products, plus a list of preferable alternatives, including stockings, is one of the important items in the current issue of this valuable monthly publication. (The organization has also prepared an exhaustive Shoppers' Boycott List obtainable by mail.) Other articles include a handy authoritative list of "facts for Armistice Day speakers," and two analyses of high meat prices, one examining the reason for current price levels and the other showing how the meat barons have squeezed enormous profits from the industry. Included also are notes on food and drug act violations and violators, and the state of employment, payrolls, and earnings.

A. T.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WAR, *by Harold Shapiro. Knight Publications.* **$1.50.**

Mr. Harold Shapiro's little book is the most horrible picture of what war is like this reviewer has ever seen. Perhaps it is because most war novels and reminiscenses present not only the horrors but the mental bulwarks built up against them. This book presents merely the facts about such matters as life in the trenches, sex in war-time, nervous diseases, war hospitals, and wounds. These facts are arranged in the form of questions and answers. The answers in most cases are direct quotations

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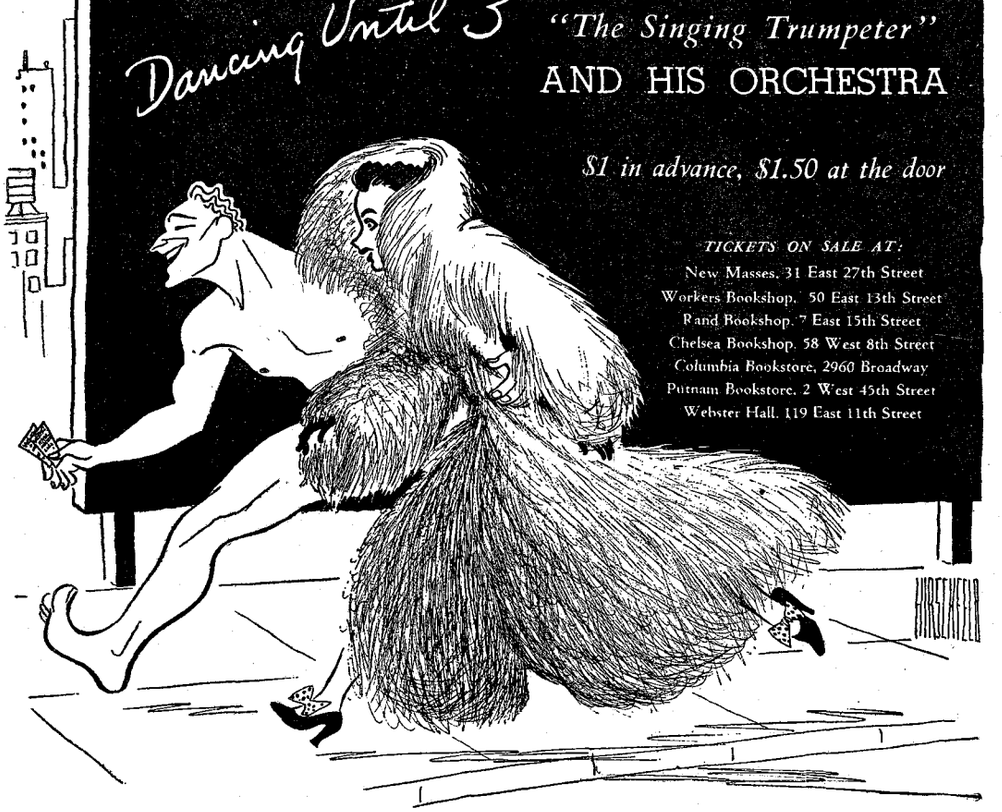

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from Army Medical Department reports, university studies, clinical histories, and similar sources. The most important question, of course, the book does not answer: namely, what to do about it. War is already in the world, and the time has passed when an individual can salve his conscience by merely being "agin it." It must be fought, isolated, and crushed. But this book makes an excellent handbook of information for anyone who wants to know exactly what the conditions of modern warfare are.

W. S.

SALUTE TO YESTERDAY, *by Gene Fowler. Random House.* $2.50.

In *Salute to Yesterday* Gene Fowler has written a novel which for its exuberant frame of reference, diabolical wit, and serious implication—the last of which he has not thoroughly realized—is not easily surpassed. But if Fowler is romantic and if his characters lean a little to the superb, he still remains in the mainstream of a long and generous tradition. Any tremendous undertaking, in perspective, tends to assume a mythical characteristic. And the occupation of the Far West was no small task. Little wonder, then, that the representation of that undertaking becomes, creatively, Paul Bunyanesque.

In this representation, however, the interplay of social forces escapes Fowler. The winning of the Old West was no mere matter of Indian versus covered wagon—with scouts, cavalry, brothels, and Indian agents thrown in for good measure. Nor were later days, when that conquest was being consolidated, solely a struggle between a past which was perfect and a present peopled by capitalists and their henchmen alone. In spite of these shortcomings, Fowler has written a good book replete with hilarious incident and biting comment.

N. M.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY, *by James Ford and Katherine Morrow Ford. The Macmillan Co.* $2.50.

The principal expressions of poverty are here described in conscientious detail, and the reader will find interesting information in chapters on housing and slums, unemployment, floods, famines, accident and health hazards—and heredity. On this last subject the authors are extremely weak. In the light of the recent treatment of sixty-two girls in Kansas, it is dreadful to encounter an open advocacy of sterilization for so-called "higher-grade defectives." Not one word in the whole book about labor's own struggles to get at the problem of poverty; merely a patronizing suggestion that "laborers to be efficient must work with a will," must show "a coöperative attitude," get better "training" in "reasoning capacity judgment, and character." One is reminded of an equally solemn treatise on *The Philosophy of Poverty* in rebuttal of which Marx wrote *The Poverty of Philosophy.*

H. W.

★

Recently Recommended Books

The Chute, by Albert Halper. Viking. $2.50.
The Writer in a Changing World, edited by Henry Hart. Equinox. $2.
I Met a Man, by Michael Blankfort, Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
Socialized Medicine in the Soviet Union, by Henry E. Sigerist. Norton. $3.50.
The Romance of Russian Medicine, by Michael L. Ravitch. Liveright. $3.
Russian Medicine, by W. Horsley Gantt. Harper. $2.50.
Let Freedom Ring, by Arthur Garfield Hays. Liveright. $2.50.
LaGuardia, by Jay Franklin. Modern Age. 35c.
Rehearsal in Oviedo, by Joseph Peyré. Knight. $2.
To Have and Have Not, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. $2.50.
The Labor Spy Racket, by Leo Huberman. Modern Age. $35c.
Famine, by Liam O'Flaherty. Random House. $2.50.
Reconstruction: The Battle for Democracy, by James S. Allen. International. $1.25.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

"Stand-In" and other films—The art of the camera—Concert highlights

IF it's satire you're after, if you like it piping hot and on the acrid side, then *Stand-In* (United Artists) is not your dish. Here, in the manner of Mrs. Wiggs scolding her pretties, Walter Wanger presents a picture of the motion-picture industry sufficiently exaggerated and off the mark to spare the feelings of all parties concerned, as, for instance, witness director Koslofsky, played by Alan Mowbray, who in his "great Rooshian masterpiece 'From Cradle to Grave' " used a real cradle and a real grave, and now demands real edelweiss for the St. Moritz set even if getting it will hold up production two months! His characterization is undeniably droll, but exactly whose ears is it intended to redden? Koslofskys don't exist any more, if ever they did, and von Sternberg, most fabulous of Hollywood's spenders hasn't directed a film for ten years. The other roles have been handled in much the same fashion. Though it is interesting to notice that even within the framework of so-called satire, uncompassed and weakened as it is, Wanger has thrown himself a lovely autobiographical bouquet in the role of Quintain, the producer, the only big shot on the lot who knows his stuff. An unconscious gesture perhaps, but providential.

To repeat, if you expected to find Hollywood with its hair down in *Stand-In,* call again in the distant future.

But if you like to sit in a soft plushy seat and meet a lot of your old friends like *Mr. Deeds Comes to Town* and *A Star Is Born,* looking, it's true, somewhat shopworn but still good for a faint tingle of warmth, that's another matter. If you can retain composure while over your head float the gentle ghosts of a thousand "timid souls" who discover "umph" in the last reel and make the despairing ingenue gasp with the fervor of that long-in-coming-but-oh-so-virile-when-it-arrived kiss, that again is another matter. This reviewer likes old friends even when they repeat themselves, and ghosts are the realities of his existence. He therefore found *Stand-In* a fairly entertaining experience.

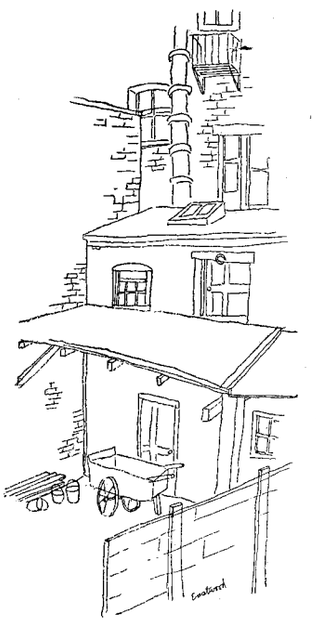
Gene Towne and Graham Baker, that well-known team of gagsters, in their synthetic but glittery way, have managed to furbish Clarence B. Kelland's *Satevepost* story with lively lines and glib nuances. The manner in which these gentlemen work their wonders to perform is worthy of more analysis than this review permits. Undoubtedly facile and clever men, everything they touch shrivels up with lack of belief. Partly because of the reputation their capers have given them, partly because of their self-publicized lack of interest in anything but "the old magoozalum," to quote Mr. Baker, it is next to impossible to see anything but complete cynicism in their approach. And their work substantiates this feeling. You experienced this complete lack of sincerity in *You Only Live Once,* which was saved for serious consideration only by the drive and intense convictions of Fritz Lang and the work of the cast. And you get the same thing in *Stand-In* but to a greater degree.

In *Stand-In* a young unkissed, mathematical wizard, Atterbury Dodd (played by Leslie Howard), leaves for the coast to save Colossal Pictures from the clutches of a certain Mr. Nassau. Nassau (C. Henry Gordon) specializes in ruining independent movie companies by conspiratorial methods, and then buying them back for his home outfit at a tithe of their true value. Each time a studio falls by the wayside, its crew is out in the street. Jobs are scarce. Soon, slow starvation!

Mr. Nassau almost has his nefarious way. Everything depends on Colossal's last film, *"Satan and Sin."* If it's a dud, they're all lost. A sneak preview reveals the audience's preference for dead fish, if they must choose—but was it absolutely necessary? To prevent Mr. Nassau from taking possession, Atterbury closes the studio gates, convinces his men of the dignity of labor, and prevails upon director Quintain (Humphrey Bogart) to make a gorilla the star of the film. Success is assured and the previously mentioned "umph," umphs.

Now, this is the point. Taken by themselves, Atterbury's words on the significance of workers' lives in the scheme of things are sufficiently gratifying for one to leap out of his seat and split the frigid atmosphere of a Radio Music Hall first night. But within the context of *Stand-In* they ring false. It's the Towne and Baker boys again. The old tongue in the cheek. "Now we'll get this kid, top efficiency man in a Wall Street holding-company to pull a sit-down strike himself. You get it. What a twist! We'll even dignify the working class if it'll work." It's all very unfortunate because Towne and Baker have a faculty for copping off any number of spontaneously amusing lines, wherever one cops them off, and we should be grateful. But the price they exact for them is much too high. One can never forget that *Mr. Deeds,* with all its moving sincerity, managed to be entertaining also.

ROBERT STEBBINS.



Eastwood

FRED ASTAIRE'S first starring film is *A Damsel in Distress* (R.K.O.-Radio). He is ably assisted by George Burns and Gracie Allen who make perfect stooges for Mr. Astaire's straight playing. There isn't much of a story as usual, but the dancing numbers are so well performed by Fred Astaire, *and* George and Gracie, that it doesn't matter. Mr. Astaire's "drum dance" is the outstanding thing in the film.

I wish it were possible to say that *Ebb Tide* (Paramount) was at least entertaining, or even that the technicolor was pleasant. But it is neither; and even Francis Farmer's presence doesn't help the film any. The actors are all first-rate, but their acting isn't. Oscar Homolka, who was last seen in *The Woman Alone,* Lloyd Nolan, Barry Fitzgerald, and Ray Milland make up the rest of the prinpals. The story is supposed to have been based on a tale by Robert Louis Stevenson, but it is a very free adaptation.

Merry-Go-Round of 1938 is merely an enlarged vaudeville show with bad songs and some occasional comedy by Bert Lahr, Jimmy Savo, Billy House, and Mischa Auer.

PETER ELLIS.

THE FINE ARTS

THE critical battle of a decade ago over art for art's sake, non-communication and non-intelligibility today centers in the relation of the document to the work of art. With real events looming larger than any imagined happenings, documentary films and still photographs, reportage and the like have taken the place once held by the grand invention. Over this issue the battle rages, with what fury can be stolen from the actual battles of the world. Yet, in effect, it is an unreal battle, since the division between art and document is fictitious; for in the hands of workers with creative vision the document possesses the added plus of æsthetic significance, while always the work of art possesses besides form the factual content of the document. The films *Heart of Spain* and *Baltic Deputy* prove the point.

In the fine arts, the falsity of the proposition that a document is not art is demonstrated in the exhibition of photographs of "Changing New York" by Berenice Abbott, current at the Museum of the City of New

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York where it will be on view until January 30. This enterprise, launched by the artist on her own initiative eight years ago and taken over by the Federal Art Project two and a half years ago when private industry failed to provide support, was conceived of from the beginning as a photographic record of civilization in our time. A conscious and deliberate documentation of contemporary culture morphology was planned, with strata of social eras containing fossil remains for later students to examine if they will.

The 125 prints on view unquestionably provide such factual material. Skyscraper and cowering brownstone front illogically juxtaposed, "El" overhead tracks shutting out sunlight, a slum-dweller's wash incongruously consorting with the financial section, hot-dog stands, traveling tin-shops, old law tenements, a "modern" all-steel house built for $10,000 on a million-dollar Park Avenue site, litter blowing through the streets, statues and architecture of the General Grant period, crumbling façades, and magnificent bridges—these facts and many more constitute acute if subtle observations on the social chaos of the present. Analyzing the prints with appropriate research data added (as the project's setup provides, although unfortunately this material is not included in the exhibition), the future culture historian would learn a great deal about the society which built the "monster" city, to echo the Balzac quoted in the exhibition catalog.

But, in addition to social and historical value, the photographs have also the value of art, the value of the thing seen by the artist and added to the document by his control of the medium. In this sense, photography has been from its inception art, as the work of Hill, Brady, and Atget amply proves. In the photographs of Berenice Abbott, the addition is not that of a personal, romantic emotion, but of a considered point of view. Occasional "angle shots" necessitated by narrow streets or other urban dilemmas of the photographer are made not for a *tour de force,* but to record the desired fact. This use of the camera's technical virtuosity, its potential distortion, wide angles, oblique trajectories, etc., contributes to the Abbott photographs a tension heightened by the solution of the given problem. Because of the method's very austerity of approach, the photographs have besides their factual content an elegance of form which places them in the top rank of contemporary American photography.

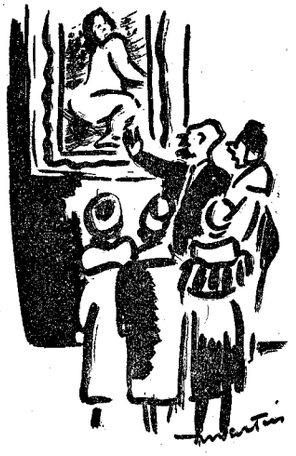
Also indicative of how record photography can move into the realm of art was the 1937 U. S. Camera exhibition, now ended, where the urgency of present-day social and economic problems forced itself upon a goodly number of the photographers represented. In at least a hundred of the seven hundred prints shown, the reality of contemporary life broke through the barriers of the commercially inspired exhibition, while sheer pressure of content forged an æsthetic form for the new meanings and themes.

In contrast is "art" making no pretensions to be anything except itself, pure and undefiled. This, the dominant mood of the first quarter of the century, has never been better revealed than in the work of such a master as Picasso. Picasso, as the world now knows, has aligned himself with the anti-fascist forces of public opinion. Furthermore, he will add to the defense of democracy by broadcasting from Paris to the second American Artists Congress in December. A leading artist of the age, he commands an enormous following. In view of his recent social awakening, what is the meaning of his life's endeavor, focused as it has been on technical and experimental questions?

The Valentine and Seligmann exhibitions in New York supply a partial answer. If our civilization has bred up artists capable of consciously and deliberately recording its incongruously distorted values, it has also produced vastly talented souls whose whole life-work is a record of the same distortion, but a record in unconscious terms, the record (almost like a reflex) of a man who knows he suffers but cannot say why. The uncontrolled fury and passion of Picasso's painting is such a record, a document of the social dislocation enforced by the society in which we live and work not alone on him but on suffering millions throughout the world.

With a man of Picasso's great energy, distortion broke bonds, surmounted obstacles, forced him in the end to declare himself for peace and democracy. Other artists, perhaps not less sensitive and gifted but endowed with less sheer physical power, had to content themselves with rationalizations. Such a one is Rouault, who found a formula in profound and desperate grief, as may be seen at the Pierre Matisse Gallery. Of his intention's sincerity there is no question; these pictures breathe "the drop of anguish that scalds me now" as Emily Dickinson wrote; they bleed with pain, deeper than Soutine because less agonized. Yet since agony, crucifixion are not the natural state of man, why was Rouault driven back into the tragic depths of his interior life for subject matter? Was there no theme an artist might paint save the black midnight of his own gloom? Or if this was the only possible theme, why was it so? Certainly the future student will learn a great deal from these culture remains, also.

With Modigliani, whose drawings at the



Martin

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Buchholz Gallery in New York reveal an unbelievably exquisite and fragile line, the distortion, social and personal, found for itself an unmistakable external form. The moods and rhythms of an ego driven to extremes of despair where it could only find peace in alcohol or drugs or sex expressed themselves in art in elongations of line and curve, arabesques as free and spirited as the best oriental models of Matisse. Wistful, beautiful, these delicate pencil-marks are an æsthetic counterpart of the slow social process of attenuation which brought Modigliani to too early a grave.

Lautrec, also ill, haunted by physical infirmity, dying early also, came earlier in phase in the process of decay. (It should be added as a footnote, lest Thomas Craven & Co. take comfort from the word, that decay applies not to the character of work of the artists, but to the subject matter with which a dying society could supply them.) The record he left the world is the chronicle of amusements by which a corrupt class held ennui, boredom, futility at bay. Never was this function of Lautrec better revealed than in the handsome paintings at Knoedler's, many of them lent from the memorial Albi Museum. *Diseuses* at the *cafés-chantants,* cabaret performers, clowns, prostitutes, and the clientele of these places are set down with merciless fidelity to fact. Here is art where the document is completely fused with the æsthetic achievement, as has been true in all the great ages.

ELIZABETH NOBLE.

CONCERT NOTES

IT was good to see the S.R.O. sign flourished at the opening of the New Friends of Music series (November 7), a pleasant evening of glowing Mozart—the last two string quartets—and an ultra-romantic but undeniably appealing Schumann piano quartet. . . . Good, too, to see both critics and public emphatically proclaiming the egginess of the N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony's thousand-dollar prize-winning symphony by Gardner Read, but the organization's public triumph left me uneasy. Gieseking did a superb job of broncobusting on no less a war-horse than Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto (November 11, 12, and 14), but I hope that he won't be so intoxicated with his own virtuoso manipulation of sonorities that he'll abondon the Mozart he has long played with such incomparable sensibility. . . . One of the world's great orchestras was deftly birthed by Rodzinski in the first dress (and broadcast) rehearsal of the N.B.C. "Toscanini" symphony (November 2), sounding—in the studio—almost too sleek as to strings, with wind instruments still lacking in "personality" and supreme command of color and nuance, but obviously an ensemble with the finest potentialities of them all. . . . The Salzburg Opera Guild brought a dash of vitality but too little finesse to the operatic scene. . . . And the Sunday evening Federal Music Project concerts have been pulling so well that another symphonic series will be given on alternate Friday evenings, beginning November 19 with a program conducted by Chalmers Clifton. . . .

All these sonal goings-on were interesting enough, but not one struck much deeper than the outer ear. The motto of Schumann's Op. 17 Fantasia held true for me: *"Durch alle Töne tönet . . . Ein leiser Ton gezogen . . ."* And the tones that rang in my mind were those of *I've Got the Tune.* Since I mentioned the broadcast of October 24, I've been able to hear private transcription records of that performance and with the emergence of the solo parts—half-hidden in the microphones at the studio—each hearing has increasingly stirred and delighted me. Blitzstein has drawn freely on the techniques of Kurt Weill and the *March of Time,* but he has fired them with individual imagination and fused his richly varied material with a true craftsman's hand. *I've Got the Tune* is so simple, powerful, entertaining, and honest that it's almost too good to be true. But for once there is little immediate point in analysis or spilling one's "bright incalculable soul" over a new and startling experience. Mme. Arbutus and her priceless "the moon is a happy cheese tonight" is no model to follow. It's better to join the paraders (or rather recognize the fact, like Mr. Musiker who had been marching for blocks without knowing it). I understand that the Columbia Workshop tentatively plans to repeat the broadcast later this winter although no definite date has yet been set. Everyone interested in the development of significant music of and for today, music rich in humor and real entertainment, which nevertheless holds up every listener with an arresting challenge, should urge—and urge vigorously—the Columbia Broadcasting System to repeat *I've Got the Tune* (this time with more adequate advance publicity) and prod some enterprising recording company like Musicraft, Timely, or Gamut into publishing records of the performance. This is the stuff that many of us have been waiting for hopefully and we have only ourselves to blame if we don't make sure that it is firmly rooted in the permanent repertory.

I must be turning into a constructive critic, for this week I not only have a tune, but a book. It is extraordinary, too, bringing a vitalizing gale into the cobwebby attic of musical literature. Nicolas Slonimsky's *Music Since 1900: An Encyclopedic Survey* (W. W. Norton & Co., $4.75) is not only the most important reference book since Cobbett's *Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music,* but it's as dramatic and stimulating as a news-reel. The bulk of the book is devoted to a day-by-day panorama of every significant musical event since the turn of the century, not only births, deaths, and first performances, but the flowering of movements, the excrescences of hysterias such as those that raged over *Salomé,* and flourished during the World War, or more recently those of fascist origin, exposed without comment with a scientific scalpel accurately laying bare their cancerous ugliness. Slonimsky is a musicologist with a passionate scent for authentic fact (some fifteen pages are devoted to the correction of errors of commission and omission in

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Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Football. Ted Husing describes the Army-Navy game, Sat., Nov. 27, 1:15 p.m., C.B.S.

"Ninth Avenue L." Columbia Workshop presents an experimental radio fantasy, by Charles Tazewell, dealing with murder in Manhattan, Sun., Nov. 28, 8 p.m., C.B.S.

Union Label Christmas Gifts. Talk by I. M. Ornburn, secretary-treasurer of the Union Label Trades Department, A. F. of L., Tues., Nov. 30, 6:15 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Norman Thomas. "Can America Keep Out of War?" is the topic under discussion, Wed., Dec. 1, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

America's Town Meeting of the Air. Subject: Should the Government Control Agricultural Production, Thurs., Dec. 2, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

The Hurricane. Worth seeing if only for the terrific cyclone; otherwise a picture of South Sea romance and the villainy of colonial government.

The Awful Truth. An amusing bedroom farce, skillfully directed and wittily played by Irene Dunne and Cary Grant.

Return of Maxim. The second film of the Maxim saga carries the story forward to the eve of the World War. It is a warm, splendid film that you cannot afford to miss.

Green Fields. A charming and sincere film of a Talmudic student who goes out into the world in search of truth and honest people.

In the Far East. A topical melodrama of wreckers, Japanese agents, and Trotskyites in Siberia which, while not ranking with the best Soviet films, is, nevertheless, good, solid fare and maintains the usual high standard of Soviet acting.

China Strikes Back. A vivid picture of the Chinese people's defense against the Japanese invasion, which strikes a new high for documentaries.

Stage Door. The film version of the Kaufman-Ferber play is a rather sensitive and intelligent film of life in a theatrical boarding house.

PLAYS

Julius Caesar (Mercury, N. Y.). Orson Welles's production of the Shakespearean play in modern clothes and with fascist overtones is one of the highlights of the current season.

Golden Boy (Belasco, N. Y.). Clifford Odets's new play of a prizefighter is also by far his best—rich in social implications and still a story that grips for its own sake.

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SCOTT NEARING, Tuesday, November 30, 6:30-8 P.M. "Parasitism and Social Decay"; 8:30-10 P.M. "The Redivision of the World." Manhattan Opera House, 34th St. & 8th Ave. Adm: each class, 50c; both, 75c.

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Do YOU have trouble remembering names?—pass the buck to us!

Have you ever hesitated to make an introduction that ought to have been made because athough you remembered the face you couldn't recall the name? Wouldn't you like to know about a system that makes worth-while introductions painless, effective, and lasting?—pass the buck to us!

No, we're not promoting a lonely-hearts club. But we *are* promoting something to which many friends and acquaintances of yours should be introduced—the monthly NEW MASSES Literary Supplement. It involves names and many things besides—things which have an important bearing on a better life and richer culture for America—too many varied things for you to remember to tell your friends (if you had time), so—pass the buck to us!

Send us *that buck* and the names and addresses of ten people who ought to get sample copies of this first issue of the Literary Supplement (plus the regular issue, of course). They'll thank you for a worth-while introduction! Clip the coupon and send it NOW

NEXT WEEK!

Two Magazines in One

USE THIS COUPON

New Masses, 31 E. 27 St., N. Y. C.

Please send copies of your December 7 issue containing the first number of the literary supplement to the addresses below. *That buck* ($1) is enclosed in payment.

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Address.....
City and State.....

2 Name.....
Address.....
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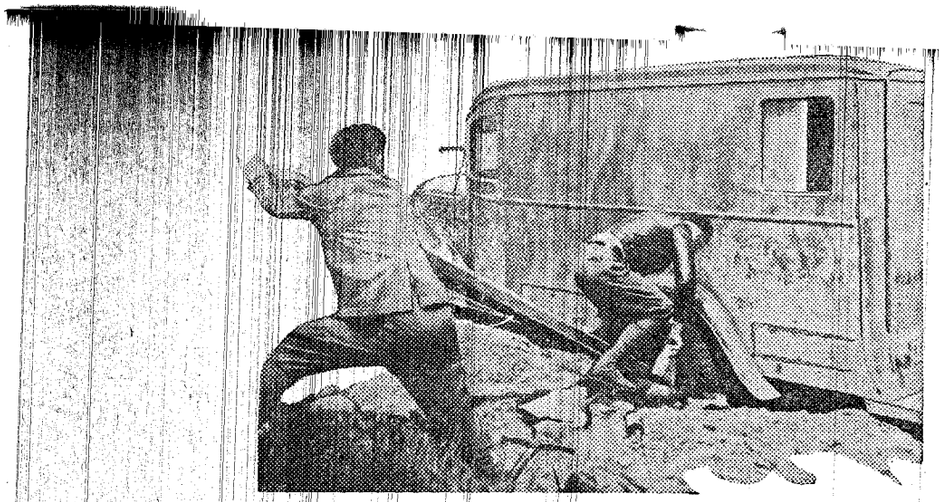

COLUMBIA LIBRARY
NOV 27 1937

No Holidays in Spain

A HEROIC PEOPLE are struggling for their freedom. Americans are helping them. Today, 113 American surgeons, nurses and ambulance drivers are working in 8 American hospitals established by the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy.

In a letter received only yesterday, Dr. Irving Bush, in charge of our hospitals, describes the conditions under which our doctors work.

"Here at the front line hospital," he writes, "one never knows where he will lay his head. I've slept in fields, trucks, and automobiles and my back is bent in many places. One must become primitive here and I have followed suit. During the past two weeks I took my pants and shirt off once just to see how dirty I was, but my standards have changed and so I put them back on again."

They gave their blood-What will you give?

MEDICAL BUREAU to Aid Spanish Democracy
381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $..... for medical work in the American hospitals in Spain . . . with the best wishes for the new year.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

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Meanwhile, thousands of patients, men, women and children will have no holiday this year. They will be without hot foods, chocolate, warm clothing. Very often their lives will depend on whether they have them or not.

For one year, the Medical Bureau has sent medical aid to Spain. On many occasions the Spanish people have expressed their gratitude. Fernando De los Rios, Ambassador for Spain, writes from Washington:

"I wish to renew my ever increasing gratitude for the noble and humanitarian task which the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy has been carrying out."

All this has been made possible by Americans who believe that the American way of invading a foreign country is the best way . . . with food for the starving and bandages for the wounded.

Make the holiday brighter for the wounded in the American hospitals in Spain. Fill in the coupon attached and receive the heart-felt thanks of the Spanish people.

Dr. Frank Thomas Woodbury
Executive Secretary.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PART OF THE CHRISTMAS CAMPAIGN OF THE MEDICAL BUREAU TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY AND THE NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY

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